THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

Symbols of Patriotism 29
Week by Week 31
Free Air 34
Sex in a Mist 35
Churchill: The All-Round Amateur ..... John Carter 36
My Friend Sends Me a Roll of Silk (*Verse*) ..... Kwei Chen 37
Three Years of Mussolini, I ... L. J. S. Wood 38
The Miracle of Jacques Rivière ..... Isabelle Rivière 40
The Spanish Art Theatre .... Thomas Walsh 43
The Bride (*Verse*) .... Henry Longan Stuart 44
Communications 44
Poems ..... J. Corson Miller, Mildred Whitney Stillman, Gertrude Callaghan, Mary Nell Carroll, Margery Swett Mansfield, Charles Oluf Olsen 48
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 49
The Worm (*Verse*) ..... Charles J. Quirk 50
Books ..... George N. Shuster, H. L. S., Walter V. Anderson, Lurton Blassingame, Thomas Walsh, Roderick Gill 51

SYMBOLS OF PATRIOTISM

AT A time when the plight to which considerable portions of the country are exposed by the Mississippi floods has awakened a fine consciousness of civic solidarity, it is comforting to reflect upon the advantages afforded by nationhood. There would be little reason to hope for the speedy rebuilding of destroyed or damaged properties, or for the organization of future safeguards against the river's destructiveness, if the people directly affected had to depend solely upon their own resources. But the work can easily be accomplished by the United States as a whole, and once it is satisfactorily done all will share in the reward of assured stability.

Our economic and commercial enterprises are regulated by so many common factors that disturbance in any one place has a general evil effect. Similarly, there are moral and mental tasks which the community as an entity can perform to great advantage. But precisely what are these tasks? The efficiency of federal action is so apparent in many fields of endeavor that this question is frequently overlooked. Large numbers of people assume that any movement toward reform or what they see as "development" is properly the nation's business. A growing, almost equally large number is certain that this is not the case. In which direction are we to look for truth and safe counsel?

The wisest and most detailed answer ever given to this query is surely that offered by exponents of natural rights. Beginning with the principle that a "right" is an innate possession which cannot be surrendered without endangering some essential, natural characteristic of that in which it inheres, these exponents proceed to define rights possessed by the individual, the family, the church, and the state. Where any of these rights are expropriated, liberty ceases; for liberty is properly freedom to accomplish those things which a person or an institution is entitled to do. During recent years, a formidable attack has been made upon the natural rights theory, on the ground that this is based less on historical or psychical fact than upon metaphysical theory. But whether they have taken their point of departure from Hegel or not, the attacking forces have constantly tended to consider the state supreme, leaving the individual and non-political groups to fend as best they may. For instance, the more universally marriage has come to be considered a contract which the state can bind and dissolve at its pleasure, the less distinct has become our consciousness of the authority and privileges lodged in the family.

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Similarly, proposals to establish the government as a supreme arbiter of economic relations and achievements may have sounded attractive, but they have been discountenanced because they threatened to destroy certain basic, essential liberties, and to entail further and even more serious curtailments of rights.

An important incident having a direct bearing upon this situation is the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the authority of the State of Virginia to order the sterilization of mental defectives. "It is better for all the world," declares the Court, "if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind." One might object by saying that the surgical operation authorized is not the only method of prevention, that it is by no means obvious that criminals who endanger communities are to any large extent defectives, and that under normal conditions there would be little excuse for allowing an imbecile to starve. It is more pertinent, however, to notice how firmly the traditional Christian concept of man has been antagonistic to methods of social relief such as these. In many places—very recently, for instance, in Ohio—Catholic organizations have vigorously opposed movements to legalize sterilization; and other churches have, for years out of number, been quite as firm in their antipathy.

Their argument, congealed into a phrase, has been that the state possesses no right of jurisdiction over the individual body—over that which the soul of every man or woman has formed unto itself. This the Court does not directly contravene. It seeks to place the discussion on a new level by speaking of "sacrifices" which persons are required to make for the common good and by suggesting the parallel of military service. Nevertheless, one cannot, from a Christian point of view, find this argument particularly convincing. In the first place, it is extremely doubtful that classical ethics has ever endorsed the drafting of troops. Certainly the practice is wholly modern, and quite as certainly Aquinas counseled those who considered a given conflict unjust to refrain from taking a part in it. Secondly, no soldier is ordered to commit suicide or maim his body—actions akin to what the Supreme Court was considering—but to overcome the enemy. In the third place, just as the peaceful settlement of an international difficulty is preferable to war, so is segregation of the unfortunate nobler than an autocratic manhandling of them.

We do not care to say more about the matter here, excepting to point out how regrettable every attempt by the Court to substitute the formalisms of a constitutional tradition for the active, universal human conscience must be. Where shall we end if the "general welfare," bounded only by certain specific limitations named in the law of the land, is to be granted unconditional supremacy over the individual? Is it not quite as proper to say that those on the brink of starvation ought to be chloroformed for the peace of society? Might we not as well agree with the Chinese that any child for whom no satisfactory provision is in sight ought to be got rid of as quickly as possible? If the individual can, on principle, be summoned to make sacrifices for the "public welfare," as the Supreme Court ascetically declares, what excepting humanitarian feeling is to prevent the commission of brutal excesses? Difficult though the problem of the feeble-minded may be, there is no reason why it should be disposed of with a knife in the dark.

Surely it is evident enough that the advantages of national solidarity are no careless trust. We may well be proud of and instructed by what we have achieved in common; but we cannot assent to being kneaded into one soggy whole. In the long run, everybody who stands for the second part of this sentence is as thoroughly a good citizen as anybody who lustily supports the first part. Liberty and government are equally substantial human achievements. That is why one hopes that liberty will soon come to have more rallying points, more standards and symbols, than it has. The flag of our country is a thrilling sign rich with meaning, but one fears a little that in the hands of jingoistic patriots it is paling into a bleak image of abstract federal power. Manifestly a glance at it should reveal that for its making the prism was broken into colors, as if to represent the varied and equally important human energies which go into the composition of society, and that upon it the states have their individual places as stars free to course under the dominion of a common law.

Even the Statue of Liberty seems in need of something like a reformation. According to the president of the New York Young Republican Club, the War Department's policy of making money out of tourists interested in seeing the tall landmark is a "capitalization of a sacred trust." He holds that the immature of many varieties should "be specially encouraged to pay homage to this goddess of our nation's hopes." One may well hold that these assertions are slightly rhetorical. One has the suspicion that their author is a little more enthusiastic about government than about liberty as such. Why should he term a goddess that program of human action which is deeply rooted in human nature? Nevertheless, it would serve us well to set apart definite mementos of the things, the rights, to which we cling separately as individuals and groups. After all, the imagination and not abstract reasoning bodies forth the forms of our culture and civilization, our habits and our tolerances. The house cat is not so formidable a creature as Leviathan, but it connotes more comfortable relationships. There is and has been some danger lest Leviathan should come to be once more a cherished image of the state holding absolute power over men. It is perhaps a peril real enough to justify the title of a recent book—Declining Liberty.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THIS eighth year after the signing of the Versailles Treaty affords some interesting comment upon errors of judgment made by the victorious Allies. Anxious to consolidate her military victory, France labored for the establishment of political advantages which would do much to protect her against possible future German attacks. Thus there came into being, among other things, the "Little Entente" which hedged Germany round and rendered politically impossible the reconstruction of the Austrian empire. But this association was designed with absolutely no view toward economic development. As a matter of fact, it set up in Central Europe a system of commercial impasses which well-nigh made trade impossible. The inability of France to think in terms of economics was, perhaps, less clear to her friends than to her enemies. Through a series of adroit manoeuvres, Germany clinched the bulk of Russian trade, being aided here by the inability of various British statesmen to think straight. On the other hand, Italy, taught by a régime of resolute dictatorship how to build up prosperity, began to plan a northward development which now bids fair to be realized, at least in part. The treaty signed with Hungary grants certain specific rights in Fiume and virtually establishes an understanding between the two countries on the basis of mutual interest. Hungary is a great agricultural country; Italy is mistress of the Adriatic. The fact that Czecho-Slovakia lies between the two is a point of great interest but also a strategic possibility in so far as the further unification of the Balkans is concerned. Small wonder that central Europe is beginning to find the "Little Entente" a bit frayed, and that French statesmen are making every effort to bolster it up.

COMMERCIAL come-togethers as a rule avoid complicating their very practical discussions by introducing contentious questions of international policy. In the remarks recently addressed to the Pan-American Commercial Conference at Washington by Señor Luis Duhau of the Argentine republic, there is no need to see any reflection of history as it is being made in Central America. The Argentine delegate's remarks merely had reference to the high tariff wall confronting the imports to the United States from his own country, and the hardship worked upon farmers there, who are adopting a slogan of "Buy from those who buy from us." It is true Señor Duhau carried his suggestion of possible counter-measures to the extent of foreseeing legislation tending to "oppose the introduction of American capital." Those familiar with the history of South American development in the past may well rub their eyes at hearing even a hint of such retaliation. But there are good reasons why none of its implications should be missed. Europe, South America's old banker, was, on the whole, an easy-going creditor. How far this tolerant attitude was contingent on an intelligent reading of the Monroe Doctrine is not to the point. What is to the point is that the political forethought which very wisely extends its protection to investments and loans made by our nationals south of the Isthmus of Panama should never be so stated as to give any grounds for the belief that financial accommodation is being offered at a price which South American patriotism may judge too high to pay.

WE NEED not be astonished that the promotion of understanding between the Catholic churches of the West and the East should be most active in the Germanic countries. Inevitably, favorable economic and political relations have something to do with the "exchange of the spirit," and of course Russian thought, religion and life were subjects which thousands of German prisoners had perforce to study during war-time years. From time to time The Commonweal has noted conventions and other important events bearing upon what was being done in Central Europe on behalf of church unity. Now occasion presents itself to chronicle the appearance of what may well be the first of many significant dossiers bearing on the subject. Documents Relating to Eastern Christianity is the title of a rather extensive work into which two competent students have crowded a great variety of material relating to the spiritual differences between Russia and Europe. Its value lies in the clarity with which divergent views are expressed, and in the thoroughness

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with which the individuality of the Orient is explained. The names of the contributors need not be given here, for the reason that, though eminent in their own circles, they are men about whom the West knows nothing. But such notable texts as the statement of his "idea of man" by the Russian philosopher Berdjajew, included in the volume mentioned, have already attracted wide attention in Germany and ought to be read carefully here. Berdjajew's creed is simply that the Revelation of God to man has, in religion, its counterpart of love—the revelation of man to God, the creative transformation of earth by the religious human being into a thing worthy of Divine acceptance. Obviously, a Christendom which can cherish such ideas is not irretrievably remote from the West.

THE presence among them of exiled Mexican bishops has deeply moved American Catholics, who see in these sorely tried princes of the Church representatives of a persecuted nation. On the whole, however, the United States very nearly ignored their coming. The press seems to have been reluctant to engage in a discussion of whether or not President Calles's statement that the bishops had fomented rebellion was reliable. By general admission, however, the official statements of the Mexican government have only a propaganda value, rigid censorship being applied to all published news or comment. Thus an advance in the direction of truth has been registered which, though slow, is none the less salutary and effective. On the other hand, the firm declarations of the exiled hierarchy that they have taken no part in fomenting military uprisings against their enemies is widely received with tacit respect, owing largely to the clearness with which they, their compeers in the United States and their superiors at the Holy See have advocated peace. Here again American opinion has clarified, even if one might wish for far greater definiteness and realism. Finally, however, the actual existence of revolution in Mexico is being more and more firmly taken for granted. Reports beyond number—the gruesome Jalisco train-robbery among them—indicate that the peril is desperately serious and may lead to an all-engulfing catastrophe. If, then, the decision in Mexico is once more veering to the battlefield, who is responsible?

THIS question is sure to be asked many times in the near future. We here have often said that the tyranny of Calles could have only the inevitable effect of all tyranny. It has undoubtedly influenced Mexican Catholics to cast their sympathy and their influence upon the side of revolutionary movements. In some places they have certainly acted to help form military units interested in bringing the present situation to a halt. But the real sources of uprising in the unfortunate country never have been and are not religious. We are not witnessing the formation of a crusade or a Thirty Years' War. What is happening is simply the development of resentment felt against a minority which has attempted to carry out its autocratic program by force of arms. This attempt naturally alienated all foreigners active in the country; it led to gross abuses in the redistribution of property which, ever since the first revolution, has been the thorniest of problems; and, in a country where opposition parties are as useless as Sanskrit encyclopaedias, it led to a stiffening resolve to create antagonistic military forces. Calles may win out, provided he can keep his army intact—a matter which depends largely upon his ability further to impoverish the country for the sake of paying his troops. But every new act of repression, every display of armed brutality, will strengthen the might against him, allied with which the justly embattled convictions of a Catholic populace patently stand. To prevent a long siege of battle and disorder in the disheveled country would be an act of service and political intelligence without parallel in this decade. Is there a man who can perform it?

GOOD parliamentary manners, like good wire, have a tensile breaking strain, and the bitter class feeling that has been aroused through the British administration's resolve to hobble the labor unions by a series of limitations on their right to declare strikes and collect funds has been too much for decorum in what used to be termed, with what justice we leave others to determine, "the best club in Europe." Charges of bad faith, threats and suspensions, cries and countercries that in any other atmosphere would result in personal encounter and call for remedies of an antiphlogistic character, have been frequent during the past fortnight. What was once called "an Irish night" with an implication no one missed, has been a common experience. Grizzled members of the sober Saorstat who once sat in at Westminster, if any such are left, must feel a reminiscent glow as they look across St. George's Channel and read the report of last night's contribution to statesmanship in their morning paper.

THE clash between labor and capital in Britain is Britain's affair. One little observation, however, is in order here, because it concerns the enlightenment American readers have a right to expect and is symptomatic of a habit that has been growing upon American correspondents in London. We refer to the very partial manner in which rowdy scenes are reported whenever the storm-cone is hoisted above the clock tower by the Thames. We would like to know why, when the antics of "Tom" Griffiths, "Bill" Jones, "Will" Thorne and other rough-hewn legislators are in question, full discredit is given by name, and why a veil of anonymity covers brawlers on the other side of the house who forget the good manners so notoriously a part of public-school and university training

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to join in the verbal scrimmage. Only through a chance remark of Mr. Balderston of the New York World, inserted, as by an afterthought, at the end of his detailed account of the stormy session of May 2, when labor members "bawled," "shouted" and "shook their fists" across the Chamber, do we learn that "the Tories . . . equaled their opponents in rowdyism and the bandying of insults." When a parliamentary bear garden is being written up for American consumption, fair-minded Americans would be just as pleased as not to have the names of all the bears.

THE Bowery is no longer the frontier of New York. Gaudy viciousness of a dozen sorts has vanished with once prosperous gilt façades and shady diamond stickpins. But there is no other part of the great metropolis which displays so much of poverty's backwash—tired women in frayed dresses of years ago, old men who capture a smoke from discarded stubs of cigars. It is the nondescript retreat of those whose vitality life has sapped. Now comes the announcement that, on behalf of Catholic Charities, Cardinal Hayes will erect a large house for homeless men. A place for those who cling miserably to vacant seats on park benches, who sit all day in branch libraries reading endless newspapers, and who sometimes, when fortune favors them, get a chance to carry huge advertisements for cheap trousers or tumble-down restaurants round the city on their backs. A place for many more than we sometimes suspect, forgotten and lonely in a city which is no respecter of persons, however kindly it may be in the bottom of its heart. We understand that the projected house is to contain lodging rooms and dormitories, an employment bureau and a chapel. But we know there will go through it everywhere the kindness of Christ, which sees the poor and even the prodigal, not as burdens upon society, but as pledges of an endless, all-embracing communion. Many frailties and vices have been written into the history of the Bowery; it is time to inscribe the virtue of hope.

LIKE all statements which deal with vital realities, Governor Ritchie's recent address before the Maryland Society of New York earns a right to sober and deliberate reflection. Read and re-read at the distance of a few days, the impression grows that, in sharply questioning two main tendencies of our distracted day, the executive from Annapolis put himself squarely abreast of the best contemporary thought. The control of wealth by finance, and the control of individual conscience by the state are precisely the things which are troubling thoughtful men and women, who feel that the edifice of society is threatening to paralyze the Christian will and the Christian soul under the sheer weight of its materialism. By the first, declares Maryland's Governor, "the investment banker is controlling the sinews of business, trading no longer in the savings of men, but in the most powerful agency that has yet appeared, the organized credit of men." Through the second, "the government is becoming more and more a dominating system of social control, by which some of the people undertake to impose their personal and moral precepts upon all of the people everywhere, regardless of whether the conscience and convictions of those who are affected are ready to sanction and submit."

THE wonder is that the one error which is the source of the two evils, has taken so long to bite itself into men's consciousness. Liberty is bred in responsibility. Responsibility is nourished by initiative. Neither the one nor the other can survive an economic condition where interlocking trusts and cartels concentrate control within the hands of a group that is insignificant in numbers, but supremely significant in the wealth and resources at its command. Men who have grown used to abdication for their livelihood's sake, show an amazing docility when political demands are made upon them which affront natural law. Any minority strong enough or cunning enough to build its prejudices into the fabric of government, finds the ground prepared for it in advance by economic masters. Hence two very terrible things are taking place in the contemporary world. One is a growing anonymity—what might almost be termed a "facelessness" in all controlling bodies, political or otherwise, which renders it humanly impossible to attach blame for abuse of power to any definite person or group. The other is a growing conviction on the part of the controlled that government is part and parcel of a social system which it is too late to seek to change, and that the only practical way of relieving its pressure is by securing as quickly as possible a share of the material wealth which experience tells them confers relative immunity and restores relative dignity to the individual. When he points out that this "system" is invading the realm of conscience and liberty, Governor Ritchie is pointing directly at the major problem of our time and age.

WHAT promises to be the greatest religious demonstration ever seen in New York will be held in the Yankee Stadium on May 22, when 100,000 members of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society will gather to express their reverence for God and their loyalty to their country. The rally will be another manifestation of the wonderful spread of an organization which for six and a half centuries has worked in many countries for the greater glory of God and the more general support of all lawfully constituted authority in the state. Forty-five years ago, five branches of the society joined to form a diocesan union; next Sunday, representatives of 330 branches will send delegations to the great demonstration at which the Cardinal-Archbishop will speak on the work which has

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been accomplished in the intervening years. It is significant and quite in the spirit of a society which has made such remarkable strides in such a comparatively short time that the keynote of every speaker who has addressed the committee in charge of arrangements for the event has been recognition of the fact that the rally must not be regarded as the culmination of work done, but as the commencement of a greater effort on behalf of God and the community.

TO GO on hammering into people's heads the truth that the Eighteenth Amendment is a legal fact which must be taken seriously is a destiny with which not many men in public life can afford to identify themselves. One may "deplore" the failure of enforcement; one may "doubt" the wisdom of trying to use the Constitution as a regulator of what citizens shall pour down their throats; but one must not even mention the terribly definite word "repeal." That is why President Nicholas Murray Butler is creating such havoc by the mere device of making a few platitudinous remarks. At the recent meeting of the Southern Maryland Society, over which Governor Ritchie presided, Dr. Butler declared that the amendment in question was the work of "the invisible government, which operates from the invisible capital at Westerville, Ohio"—a perfectly obvious fact. He accused the same amendment of being "the primary source of the lawlessness and contempt for law which now prevail throughout the land"—an equally obvious fact. Finally, he declared that unless the major political parties took some frank and sensible stand on the matter, there would be no reason for either's existence—which is also a fact, though one less widely admitted. These innocent pronouncements are likely, however, to induce further tremors in Republican systems, which would, it seems, like nothing better than to be cannily silent about the issue in view of open Democratic affiliation with it. But an addition to their discomfiture appears in the blunt anouncement by the correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune that most opposition to Governor Smith as a "wet" is actually camouflage, the real cause being his religious belief. There is some very interesting evidence for this point of view. Of it we shall have more to say at a later time.

FREE AIR

THAT radio would one day force the question of freedom of the air on our attention was as inevitable as that the invention of movable type would one day raise the question of freedom of the printed word. Epoch-making discoveries often contain within themselves the germs of what may be called, without disrespect, a joker. The world has hardly got used to the benefits they confer before it finds itself confronted with the problems they raise. All the signs are present that those connected with air-transmission are of a rather bitter and contentious nature. But because they are to a large degree technical, there is no sense in isolating them from the general tendency, everywhere evident, to curtail public liberties for some corporate good of which the public is never more than indirectly the judge.

Many of these difficulties and disagreements became vocal in a radio symposium, recently offered by the Civil Liberties League at the Aldine Club, at which Mr. Merlin Hall Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, a corporation under which several major air activities are now consolidated, was very much upon his defense, in spite of a temperate and optimistic exposition of the activities of his concern at the start. Roughly, they may be said to include a charge that discrimination, of a kind hard to justify, is being used when any attempt is made to broadcast opinions likely to be distasteful to the administration or in the slightest degree savoring of radicalism; that traffic in licenses to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars is being carried on (and this in face of the claim that no single radio corporation is more than paying its way); that the board which adjudicates on new licenses is representative of only one shade of public opinion, and that the most conservative; and that the bill now in course of preparation at Washington has been shorn in Congress of saving clauses inserted by the Senate that would have prevented abuses. There seemed to be a general feeling that the new medium is being exploited for purposes of pure entertainment at the expense of possibilities for instruction and enlightenment, and one definite charge was made that a station which has specialized in attacks on the Catholic and Jewish communions, while discouraged, has not suffered the drastic discipline handed out to those which make themselves the mouthpiece for extreme liberal views.

This is a comprehensive budget of grievances, and those whose function it is to defend the new radio amalgamation from each and every one are not to be envied their task. The duty confronting the public, or that part of the public which cares for the higher interests in life, would seem to be a watchfulness evidenced in such a form as shall convince the controlling powers that its views are to be taken into consideration. Great inventions have a way of stealing upon the general public so insinuatingly that, almost before their possibilities are realized, exploitation for naked profit has set its seal irrevocably upon them. The example of the movies should never be forgotten. Widely advertised during their first years as an agency for instruction and edification almost incalculable, we have seen them fall into the hands of men with whom such considerations count for less than nothing, with the result that no congress devoted to the religious or moral betterment of youth meets today without listing the moving-picture as one of the main difficulties in its path.

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Censorship, however administered, is only a protection against the grosser forms of offense. It has shown its powerlessness to arrest the fatal trend away from intelligence, away from the "thoughts that lift the souls of men," toward stultification of the mind and overstimulus of the grosser emotions. A public that is being thrilled and entertained to death on the screen has the remedy in its own hands if it feels it is facing the same thing through the air. A suggestion, made by Mr. Aylesworth himself, in speaking of the flood of correspondence that reaches his office, points out at least one way. If those who believe that justice is being denied, that mawkish and colorless matter is being broadcast through timidity or prejudice, or that the ether is being overloaded with rhythms of the tom-tom and ukulele, would make their opinion manifest through the mail, a suspicion might dawn upon the minds of those who control the sending end of radio that a public exists which is not satisfied to shrug its shoulders and see one more conquest of time and space swell the growing list of aborted and meanly exploited opportunities.

SEX IN A MIST

WHEN 1,500 delegates, representing fifty countries, meet together to discuss matters sublunary, the result may either be Babel or a very striking exemplification of that much-sought factor, the least common multiple. The summary of a report of the Nineteenth World Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association on sex matters, held in the temperate clime of Helsingfors last summer, was published in the February issue of the Journal of Social Hygiene, and is now reprinted in pamphlet form for the benefit of a wider public than that stimulating organ can claim. In an introductory paragraph, we are reminded that the conference is the oldest "Youth Internationale" in the world, its first meeting dating back to one held at Paris in 1855, and that it had under its eyes, while preparing the report in question, a record of investigation covering at least the years since the war. Moreover, the questionnaire method, which was adopted at Helsingfors, is one eminently calculated to call forth the widest possible divergences of opinion and to secure their presentation in the most independent form. If nothing more weighty than a symposium of youth upon a subject that is frankly recognized as peculiarly its own, the report merits the attention it has already received and the wider notice it is pretty sure to get in its new form.

Montaigne, the doubter, was reëchoed a few decades later by an even greater writer, who has told us that there is "nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." And Kipling, in our own day, has summed up the same thought in epigrammatic verse, somewhat to the effect that the wildest dreams of Kew are a commonplace in Peru. We shall not be surprised to find that very sharp differences of opinion reached the conference in Finland as to the degrees in importance of things which are making for new standards in sex conduct. While young South African delegates could see little or nothing contributory to laxity in the modern dance, pronouncing it, indeed, "one of the most healthy forms of amusement which we have for young men and women," Oriental delegates made no bones about their opinion and used the harsh word "obscene" for dancing in its contemporary and Occidental form. A group from the United States put the much-debated "movies" in the last place as influences that make for questionable practices. It is with a decided shock that we hear, apparently again from Asia, the forthright charge that many American-made pictures are "international nuisances," and urging upon the American Alliance the "production of cleaner films."

The same failure to agree upon any one main outstanding factor as responsible for evils which all deplore breaks out in places where national prejudices cannot be held accountable. To one delegate from Scotland it seems to have occurred that low wages paid to girls in stores and factories are partly responsible for the recruiting of the underworld. It was countered, we are not told from what quarter, by the rather obvious retort that sex immorality is by no means confined to those whose poverty tends to make it a state concern. To young crusaders from Poland, Scotland and Germany, who indicted the tenement, with its promiscuity and the difficulty of courting being conducted under conditions possible in a separate home, however humble, the disheartening rider is added that "it may well be questioned whether the moral situation today [in the country] is noticeably superior to that in our great cities."

On the whole, this résumé of a unique gathering, compiled by one of its members, is a sobering, perhaps a depressing document. The picture that reaches us from it is of a world in which sex, as a conscious factor in life, is gaining power at the very time its natural solution in Christian marriage is being hampered by all sorts of "social wants that war against the strength of youth." Perhaps the most hopeful words reach us from Italy, in the speech of one delegate who declared that in his own country "economic difficulties in the way of marriage are so great that the couple no longer thinks about them and the young home is equipped only with courage." To recognize this courage, to lend it support and countenance in the face of a world from which the conception of a home as the only sane cell and unit is seeping away, is none the less the duty of every government worthy the name because, as the conference declares in its closing paragraph (perhaps unconscious how deep the implications of its phrase sink into the Catholic heart) "the solution of this problem in the individual life cannot be found in knowledge alone, but requires with it the power of Christ."

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CHURCHILL: THE ALL-ROUND AMATEUR

By JOHN CARTER

WINSTON CHURCHILL is an all-round amateur. He is an amateur statesman, an amateur strategist, an amateur journalist, and in England, where the professional is deeply distrusted, he has always commanded an enviable position in the world of statecraft, national defense and gentlemanly letters. But the very fact that he is an amateur prevents him from achieving real distinction in the fields of activity he honors with his interest. His statesmanship limits itself to glowing generalizations which do not bear analysis; in strategy his designs were either untimely or inept; in literature he has produced only good journalism.

The present volumes* conclude his account of the world war. As present Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Minister of Munitions under Lloyd George, and as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914, his words command respect. In England this work has been hailed as a brilliant achievement, comparable to Macaulay. Actually, it is an anti-climax to his two previous volumes which dealt with the period of 1911-1914 and with the year 1915. As head of the Admiralty in the first period, he really influenced the diplomacy which led to the outbreak of the war; in the second volume he defended his prosecution of the Dardanelles Campaign. Churchill mobilized the fleet in 1914; in 1915 he had a sound strategic vision of the war as a whole, whatever the defects of the actual Dardanelles adventure; his earlier volumes, therefore, are real contributions to history. The last two volumes, now under review, are, however, rather rhetorical commentaries on the order of "What I did in the world war." He justifies this course by comparing it to Defoe's Memoirs of a Cavalier, which was fiction masquerading as fact; The World Crisis, 1916-1918, occasionally falls into the same category.

Churchill the strategist dominates most of the first volume. With a gentle and scarifying irony he proceeds to state exactly how wrong and fallible were Joffre, French, Haig, Robertson, Nivelle, Petain and the other western fronters. He does the same for Falkenhayn, Ludendorff, et al. He effectively riddles the policy of attrition, showing by comparative casualty lists that the Germans inflicted a total of 7,644,000 losses on the Allies on the western front, while suffering only 4,846,000 casualties in the same area. The German losses in men to those of the Allies were three to five and sometimes one to two; in officers they were as one to three or four. In 1916, the long siege, which, in his view, separated the "first shock" of 1914 from the "final convulsion" of 1918, was at its height. He shows how Britain threw away her armies on the Somme, and a year later did the same at Paschendale; he shows how in 1917 General Nivelle's "experiment" in the Champagne broke the combative value of the French army, producing mutinies in sixteen French army corps. The obvious course, he suggests, was to renew the attack on the Dardanelles in 1916; but he brands as folly Kitchener's much more astute proposal to effect a landing at Alexandretta, and has little to say of the Palestine, Saloniki or Mesopotamian "sideshows." In short, only his own "eastern" scheme was correct. Witness how long the British army and navy held the Dardanelles against the Kemalists in 1922.

Dealing with Jellicoe at the Battle of Jutland, he is likewise superior. Jellicoe should have deployed to starboard and forced a decisive battle; or he should have used an obsolete signal and deployed on centre; at all events, he should have intercepted Sheer at the Horn Reef on the day after the battle. Churchill's account of the naval action is graphic and interesting but is marred by his air of arm-chair criticisms of men who were fighting in sea-haze and the "fog of war" at a time when it was the German navy against the British empire, as Jellicoe realized. Jellicoe lost three big chances at Jutland; Germany lost the war at sea.

Similarly, the account of the 1918 campaign is a fine narrative; interspersed, unfortunately, with lengthy memoranda written by himself as Minister of Munitions. He pays greater heed and gives as much space to these memoranda as he does to all the campaigns in Italy, the Balkans, Roumania, Russia, Palestine, and Mesopotamia combined. The Russian revolution and the entry of the United States together receive less attention than many of his passing observations on his work as Minister of Munitions.

It is here that Churchill the amateur statesman, or politician, comes to the fore. There has been, it seems, a regrettable and foolish idea current that the intervention of the United States was decisive and that the Americans actually contributed to the final victory. As leader of the anti-American group in Liberal politics, the Right Honorable Mr. Churchill sets us squarely in our place. While speaking learnedly of our "fifty sovereign states," he observes that "what he [Wilson] did in April, 1917, could have been done in May, 1915," and that "American historians will perhaps be somewhat lengthy in explaining to posterity exactly why the United States entered the great war on April 6, 1917, and why they did not enter at an earlier moment. . . . As for the general cause of the Allies, if it was good in 1917 was it not equally good in 1914?" The "lengthy explanation" is two words: "Japan" and "Russia." Has Mr. Churchill forgotten the Twen-

**The World Crisis, 1916-1918, by the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill, C. H., M. P. Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.00.*

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ty-One Demands? And has he any conception of the repugnance with which public opinion here regarded the Czarist government?

To return to the Americans, did they materially affect the conduct of the war? Not in Mr. Churchill's pages. Their dollars were useful to prevent the British from selling more of their stocks and bonds here, and Mr. Baruch was friendly and helpful. But as for military and naval aid—the convoy system, which defeated the submarine, was, he says, adopted by the British despite the fact that "United States naval authorities were opposed." Captain T. G. Frothingham's Naval History of the World War holds otherwise, stating that "The United States Navy Department was in favor of this system, and Admiral Sims threw all his influence for the convoys." Here is a mild discrepancy in fact. Again, he speaks of the North Sea barrage as a British-American idea. Actually, it was proposed in April, 1917, by the American navy and promptly rejected by the British Admiralty on May 13, 1917, as "quite impracticable."

So, too, when he deals with our military effort, the Mr. Churchill who now debates at long range with Mr. Mellon over the war loans, speaks very lightly of our influence. Château-Thierry is not mentioned; at Soissons some American troops were "coolly handled"; the St. Mihiel salient was a neat job, but of course we shouldn't have been allowed to stage our projected drive for Metz and the German communications (it would have detracted from British operations farther north); our Argonne drive broke down through bad communications work. Only once did we do well, in the drive on the Hindenburg line (under the proper British auspices) where an American corps led the attack as shock troops and had to be rescued by the Australians. To be sure, "the swift and ceaseless inflow of the Americans turned the balance of manpower heavily in the favor of the Allies," but who is responsible for having won the war? In the words of Asquith, addressing the House of Commons, "Look at the map!"

In a word, Mr. Churchill views us as tardy colonials and treats us as such. Now that our value to Great Britain is ended, he would dismiss us with a reprimand not to be late next time. Mr. Churchill is a British politician, and the British public doesn't like the way we have behaved toward the debt, and history in British hands can bend far without breaking.

Mr. Churchill the journalist now deserves his turn. His book has been hailed in London as of "epic quality," "a masterpiece of English prose," "more fascinating than a novel and more provocative than a problem play." Actually, it is an uneven piece of work, in which the great events discussed serve as the frame for full-length appreciation of the Right Honorable Mr. Churchill. The force of his narrative—and he can write well when he doesn't try to write superlatively—is too often broken by long quotations, usually from earlier Churchilliana. His language varies from simple and effective prose to sprightly figures and startling metaphors. For example, when he speaks of the U-boat war as "a game of blind man's buff in an unlimited space of three dimensions" and says that "the battlefields of the Somme were the graveyards of Kitchener's army," he is worth attention, but he is also capable of speaking of "the pistols which an hour before had drunk [sic] this loyal man's [Sir Henry Wilson] blood."

He has paid obvious heed to his opening and concluding paragraphs. The latter deserves quotation, as evidence of the rhetoric with which he addresses himself to events:

> Yet in the sphere of force, human records contain no manifestation like the eruption of the German volcano. For four years Germany fought and defied the five continents of the world by land and sea and air. The German armies upheld her tottering confederates, intervened in every theatre with success, stood everywhere on conquered territory, and inflicted on their enemies more than twice the bloodshed they suffered themselves. To break their strength and science and curb their fury, it was necessary to bring all the greatest nations of mankind into the field against them. Overwhelming populations, unlimited resources, measureless sacrifice, the sea blockade, could not prevail for fifty months. Small states were trampled down in the struggle; a mighty empire was battered into unrecognizable fragments; and nearly twenty million men perished or shed their blood before the sword was wrested from that terrible hand. Surely, Germans, for history it is enough!

Yet in spite of all Mr. Churchill's strategic infallibility, despite his Britannicocentric view of statecraft and his tenderness for ipsissima verba, The World Crisis, 1916-1918, stands as a monument to the energy of one of the most vital figures in English public life. By sheer force of his personal prestige and weight of words, his book—errant history and uneven journalism as it is—goes far to impose on posterity the view of events which it is now convenient for his personal interests to make current. He has set up a mark for more conscientious and less lively historians to shoot at; they will have to work hard to overthrow this identification of the British and the Churchill legends of the gifted amateur who always succeeds in beating the professionals at their own game.

My Friend Sends Me a Roll of Silk

My friend sends me a roll of silk
From a far, far away land.
I unroll it.
Lo, there on it woven
Two mandarin ducks
Of cherry breast, white neck, and blue wings—
They are sleeping peacefully together
In the lotus pond beside an ample green lotus leaf
With their heads securely linked!

KWEI CHEN.

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THREE YEARS OF MUSSOLINI

I. THE ADVENT OF "THE ITALIAN"

By L. J. S. WOOD

(The following is the first of two articles which The Commonweal will publish analyzing the achievement and present character of the Fascist régime.—The Editors.)

IN THE second and third numbers of The Commonweal, November 19 and November 26, 1924, an endeavor was made to give an outline picture of the arrival and proceedings of Fascism up to and including the Matteotti crime. That outline was drawn as by an impartial observer, noting bad as well as good, criticizing, suggesting possible reasons for deficiencies and their bad results, and possibilities of hope for their removal. A further attempt is here made to bring the story up to date.

Stress was then laid on Mussolini's desire, when called upon by the king to govern, for the coöperation of all good Italians, and on the refusal, in the end, of the politicians, both individuals and parties, to have anything to do with that revolutionary thing which they considered Fascism to be. At the close, a hope was expressed that some event or indication of policy might give the general good sense of all moderate people the chance to bring things back to conditions which might be best expressed then in the terms constitutionalism or normalization. Any hope of such things, in the sense in which they were then meant, has vanished. The cleavage between the old politician and the new régime has become complete.

There were two moments when a mutual understanding might have been achieved. The first was after the March on Rome when Mussolini was first undertaking what he himself saw to be, praying God's aid to help him carry it out, a "tremendous task." The Popular party secession set the example of flat resistance; the other constitutional parties followed, and Socialists and Communists were by their nature in opposition. The second moment was after Matteotti. Though all impartial judges recognized that Mussolini himself could not be accused of complicity, that the intention was abduction and, one imagines, seclusion, and that the murder resulted from the victim's resistance and the fight in the car—yet it was crime, murder, carried out by Fascists, and their chief and the responsible authorities could fairly be charged with extreme, it might be said culpable, negligence in failure to prevent such outrages or to punish promptly the perpetrators of those which had previously occurred.

The opposition, then, with a very strong case, had two courses before them. They could have brought pressure to bear for due punishment and prevention, definite cessation of all illegalities, establishment of normalization. They would have had to accept Mussolini's given word that such was his sincere intention, and they would have had to give such assistance, if only passive, as lay in their power. They took the other course. They refused to accept his word, declared war to the knife, organized the chain-press campaign and, on the "moral issue" but in most unconstitutional manner, left the Chamber, to assemble, constitutionals and subversives together, on "the Aventine." How far they were sincere, how far moved by personal feelings and ambitions; how far Mussolini would have been willing or able to meet them if they had taken the other course, need not be debated now. They saw that Fascism was shaken and they thought that they were strong enough to turn Mussolini out, put an end to the movement, and return to power themselves. They were not. And that was the end of all hope of the "normalization" envisaged in those days.

In its way, the political way, their conduct was certainly "excess," just as in its way, the way of violence, was the conduct of the Fascist extremists; and excess creates, does not kill, excess. To anyone who looks back now on the events which led up to the situation of the present, two things emerge. The first is the inability, or refusal, of the old "political class"—the failure of which Don Sturzo has described in his recent book—to realize that there was to be, or could be, such a thing as a new régime, and the insistence of Fascism, on the other hand, that it must be. The second is "the Italian." Every student of Italy thinks often of Massimo d'Azeglio's "We have made Italy, now we must make the Italian"; but, because he is not seen unless looked for, he is sometimes forgotten, sometimes confused with the politician, whose great fault throughout all the years of "Liberal" administration was that he, too, forgot him as soon as he had made what use of him he could for his own political ends. But the Italian is the most important element in Italy, and we now see how through these years, while no politician has been thinking of "making him," he has been slowly "making" himself.

To consider only the most recent times—30 or 40 percent, at a rough estimate, of the "marchers" on Rome in October, 1922, consisted of "the Italian." His state of mind during the four years preceding had been that he was disgusted with the results of the war and also hopeful that the new régime would restore law and order and enable him to go about his business and live his life in peace. He has found that, speaking generally, his hopes have been to a large extent realized—though he has had to complain, and is complain-

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ing now, of heavy taxation; the cost of living; of the strictness of regulations which, while intended to keep check on subversives, inconvenience him, too; of "prepotenza" of Fascist leaders in outlying districts. But anyone who has watched the recurring celebrations of the last years will have noted that it has now slowly come about in the Fascist ranks that the long-hair-flying, fierce extremists have been in large measure replaced by serious, quietly determined, solid, simple citizens, peasants, good bourgeoisie, retired army officers and the like, reinforcing the enthusiastic youth—in fact by "the Italian." It is a most hopeful sign.

To return to politics. We had the Matteotti crime, the dead break and Fascism's doubtful moment. On January 3, 1925, a new period began. Mussolini felt that he had the country sufficiently with him to enable him to declare that Fascism was going on with its work "by consent if possible, by force if necessary." There was no consent from the opposition, and Fascism entered alone on its task of building the constitutional edifice of the new régime. Sporadic violence had not entirely ceased, but after the Florence excesses, repression of the extremists was more thorough. The improvement has continued, and Mussolini's remarkable circular to the prefects of January of this year has been effective.

The period of violence may now be said to be over. Opposition activity has not ceased; traces of it are seen occasionally in Italy, but most of it is organized abroad. How far it has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for any one of the four attempts on the life of the prime minister, this is no place to judge. It was inevitable, in any case, that these attempts should increase the severity of police regulations. And, both in administration and in the general tone of the legislation of the new régime, the new state, Fascism has become more and more rigid. That is the predominant note of the moment through which we are passing now: rigidity. As the moment marks the beginning of a remarkable experiment, seriously thought out and worthy of impartial study, it is much to be regretted.

The future holds two possibilities: that Fascism shall continue building the state it proposes to establish, or that something shall happen to prevent it. Let us take the second first. There is a vague idea prevalent that if Mussolini disappeared, Fascism and the new régime would disappear also; and that idea may, presumably, account for the attempts on the life of the prime minister. The present writer thinks that, while there would be a period, say a week, of chaos, and, it may be, a further period of confusion, there are, among ministers and leaders of Fascism, men of sound sense, experience and determination, who would get control and carry on. But, if Mussolini went, the control exercised by the central government over the extremists of the movement would be weakened. Let it never be forgotten, for it is an important element in the situation, that these extremists still exist. It was they who did the bad things in the early days. Such things are not done now; the steadfast determination of the prime minister and those round him has got control in great measure, and is increasing it methodically over the recalcitrant elements "in places removed from the centre," of which the Pope spoke in the Consistorial Allocution of December last. His words were an encouragement, a strengthening of the hands of the central government, and Mussolini's remarkable circular to the prefects was a prompt corollary. Another important fact for Catholics is that these elements are opposed to Mussolini's policy toward religion. They are not by nature orderly; they are being kept in order. They are not out for sheer violence now as in the first days; it is rather personal, unfettered predominance of themselves and their followers in their districts that they seek. Averse to authority, they dislike the Church. The Holy See is quite aware of this. Its realization of it was seen in the Pope's own reference to them in the denunciation, in fact as well as principle, of the attempts on Mussolini's life.

On the one hand, then, the outcome of a disappearance of Mussolini might be continuance of the régime, with, however, a weakening of central control and with a corresponding encouragement of the elements restive under authority and hostile to the Church. On the other, there are those who envisage the complete disappearance of the new régime, and a return to old conditions. When we remember the record of those years with regard to religion, and the degeneration of "Liberalism" to the point reached between 1919 and 1922, when no government could be formed that could govern and conditions were, in plain fact, not far removed from sheer anarchy, is there need to say anything at all on such a contingency? Possibly one word, to note the fallacy of imagining that, if the parties, Liberals and Democrats of all shades, Socialists of all shades, Republicans and what is left of Populars, who united in opposition on "the Aventine," had been able, or ever should be able, to overthrow Fascism and gain political control, the democracy which would result would be in any way Christian. There is no desire for, or indeed conception of, religion in any one of these collections of politicians, except among the few Populars, who, having lost their mass following among the Catholic organizations in the country, now form their political outlook upon Catholic Action under the supreme guidance of the Pope; and they would be used and then thrown aside and left stranded, powerless.

Religion has everything to lose and nothing to gain from the disappearance of Mussolini. Take one simple consideration. This generation is being brought up with religious instruction, on Catholic principles; the last three generations had been robbed of them. "The Italian" of the years to come is, for the first time, being "made" properly. Can we desire anything through which he would risk losing the foundation of such "making," whether merely by the loosening of control or by an actual return to the old non-religious theory of government?

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THE MIRACLE OF JACQUES RIVIÈRE

By ISABELLE RIVIÈRE

(The ensuing article is the introduction, slightly abridged, which was written by Madame Rivière for the Correspondence between her husband, Jacques Rivière, late editor of La Nouvelle Revue Française, and Paul Claudel, recently appointed French Ambassador to the United States of America. Both as an intellectual and as a human document, its appearance in France a year ago created an interest almost amounting to a sensation, and its publication in English by Albert and Charles Boni is one of the events of the spring publishing season. A review of the book by one of the editors will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Commonweal.—The Editors.)

JACQUES RIVIÈRE was twenty years old when he made up his mind to write to Paul Claudel, whom for a year he had admired passionately, and to ask from him some remedy for his disquiet, an answer to the greatest of all questions—in short, to beseech his help in finding God again.

This God was no stranger to him. "He had been brought up in the closest intimacy with Him: he had been taught to rely upon Him in every conjuncture of life, to pray to Him, to follow His counsels, to welcome His inspirations." But his mother had died when he was only ten years old. The stresses and fervors of youth, disgust for the smugness of bourgeois Christianity, the pride of a great intellect, had conspired to conceal God's image from his eyes.

The very desperation of his appeals, whose youthful extravagance reminds us that he was only twenty years old at the time they were made, is a burning proof how unable was Jacques to support this deprivation. He had "never succeeded in living without God, nor even at a distance from Him." To all this ardor and commotion Claudel responds with a direct and tireless force, that seems impatient at times only by reason of its confidence, reiterating the unanswerable arguments that Jacques at first refuses to accept. . . .

Like a father with a loved child, he scolds and encourages him by turns, not hesitating to oppose him violently when he perceives him entering upon that perilous path of literature, along which Jacques felt that his invincible honesty, the transparent sincerity of the man who could write, "I never lie," authorized him to advance fearlessly. At every step he takes, Claudel extends a helping hand. It is his kindly interest that procures a professorate at the college Stanislas for the gallant youth. . . .

Little by little, insensibly almost, Jacques advances toward God. With him, there can be no question of sudden conversion. As he himself has put it, "Conversion means simply turning oneself in the right direction." And he has never left the road of Christianity. For a long time, he may have walked along it with closed eyes. Nevertheless, even at the period when he most obstinately refused to call himself a Christian, he has always been, in the full force and beauty of the term, the "man of good will," by whom no burden was shirked, whom no danger ever frightened, who always did his best with the means given him, who accepted happiness and suffering, success and frustration, with the same docile and loving heart, and with whom whatever God did was always for the best. Perhaps his strongest objection to Catholicism had lain in the fear that, by facilitating his life and showing him its every problem illumined in advance, it might very well deprive him of his favorite task of investigation, for which the term "taking to pieces" is hardly too strong, and of that reconstruction from its own elements to which he subjected every work, every event, and every creature, and which was the passion of his life. . . .

Freed little by little of this extraordinary terror he had of over-ease, and finding no obstacle worthy his consideration still before him, Jacques yields. At Christmas, 1913, without great enthusiasm or any strong assurance that his darkness has been dispersed —in short, "by an act with which a noble deliberation of judgment had much more to do than the demands of sentiment," he asks from heaven the spiritual food whose benefit he is not to feel until a few months later when the hazard of disaster has really "cast him upon God."

It was during the three years spent as a prisoner of war that the good seed sown by Claudel took root, swelled and bore fruit a hundredfold. Read A la Trace de Dieu and you will find an answer to all the questions posed in the Correspondence. Here are certitude and light after so much doubt and so much darkness, here is the presence of God, here is His visible hand, supporting, invigorating Jacques, defending him, keeping him, as it were, afloat on this ocean of sombre suffering, and choosing the moment of bodily and mental misery, when the very soul seemed exhausted from its dreary oscillations in the void, to instill that joy which none may taste save through deprivation and the surrender of everything that is not itself.

How, it might well be asked here, could Jacques ever disown a faith so firmly held—reject a God Whom he had seen at his side for three years—voluntarily avert his eyes from a light that was so compassionate?

For the very reason that, in the interminable solitude of his prison, a habit of silence had grown upon him, which he was never able to break. Through the sheer necessity of explaining himself to himself and to no other, he had lost the taste, and perhaps the faculty, for showing the inwardness of his beliefs to anyone on earth, save indeed to a single soul, whose

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place was at the core of his own and of which he has written: "It is one with me." Because he did not speak of God after the war, it has been too readily concluded that God was forgotten.

Certainly, outside evidence lent color to this belief. The gush of love which had produced A la Trace de Dieu seemed sunk in its socket, the flame which still glowed under the ashes, to be quenched. Even within (the fact must be faced) there reigned silence and reserve.

The reasons for this silence, for this aridity, for the undeniable subsidence of love for God in Jacques, are of a twofold order. Some were exterior and even material. Others are to be sought in the nature of the man, perhaps—if we may dare speculate upon what necessarily surpasses our feeble understanding—in the very designs of God on his behalf.

Hardly had he escaped from the hell of imprisonment when he found himself gripped, fettered and stifled by material necessity. There was no time now to speak of his heart or feelings. The problem was one of daily bread. . . . During this period the task of gaining a livelihood for himself and those dear to him, together with his work upon the Nouvelle Revue Française, to which he gave new life, absorbed all his energies. Just as we defer writing to some best-beloved indefinitely, because we feel the letter is too vital a one to be written amid distractions, so Jacques put off speaking of God. Everything he did was done conscientiously. He was incapable of giving himself by halves. "That tepidity toward God which began to disturb me," he tells us, "also meant that I was losing the habit of attention." So long as a thousand preoccupations, a thousand duties, demanded this attention, how could he undertake a task which he desired final and triumphal, how dare to place at the service of God a being so dispersed? . . .

It is also true that he refused to own himself a Catholic publicly, to enroll himself under any banner —to march in any processional ranks. Why? Through humility—but also through pride.

Humility! With his mind always fixed on what remained to be done, and oblivious of what he had accomplished—comparing himself always with the Creator and never with the creature, Jacques remained conscious of his faults and imperfections, but never of his virtues. He could never conceive of salvation as easy. He knew that if he were on the road it was to get somewhere. Looking back toward his point of departure he never told himself complacently: "See how far I have come! I am a Christian now!" Rather he looked toward the goal and cried: "My God, how shall I ever reach You?" . . .

His pride! It told him that, in the daily progress toward God, he was not of those who follow, but of those who are followed. He was fully conscious that he was reopening a route long abandoned and that it was for others to march behind. "My God," he cries, "You have thrown me among my brethren, perhaps in order that, in returning to You I may not return alone, but bring You those of whom I am a fellow-captive." He refuses to stay his voyage of discovery or to cast anchor in some sheltered port with all these arrivés, so sure of themselves and of their accomplished virtue. He is unwilling to accept any God circumscribed, fashioned or delimited by the measure of our petty hemisphere. He wants to push his investigation beyond any limits hitherto traced. Using the gift of penetration which he has received, it is his intention, he tells us with a naïve assurance, "to explore the psychology of God." He would advance, discover, fill in blank spaces upon the incomplete chart—he would gain for human knowledge new territories of the Divine. . . .

Knowledge, for him, meant love. "Never has anything passed before me without affecting me strongly, or left me without taking away with it as it went something of my love and of my life." To this second task he gave himself up with such fervor that one might be excused for believing he found it all-sufficient and that in neglecting the first he had forgotten the Master Who assigned him both one and the other. Like an entomologist who holds his breath for fear of disturbing the frail insect he is studying, he imposed silence upon himself. Henceforth he would neither intervene nor judge. He will reject (and with how infallible a gesture!) all that is false or counterfeit. But everything that bears the mark of authenticity, good and evil alike, is to have a right to his patient investigation. That extraordinary prayer, in which all the apparent obscurities of his conduct are made clear, came from his heart in all sincerity and in all simplicity: "My God, create within me an intelligence that is unencumbered, pure and candid, wherein I may receive the ideas of others. Grant that I may never seek to substitute for these any ideas of my own, save those only which Thou shalt prescribe me for their good."

Conscious that he is living in an hour, not so much of correction, as of fuller understanding, he has all the air of setting morality aside. And yet this very morality, rejected as an instrument for his work, was never once repudiated by him as a guide, nor offended by the slightest gesture of his life. He could not, even though he would, have liberated himself from its control. It was something stronger even than he. He was honest as some men are dark-haired or snub-nosed, by birth and without the remotest prospect of change. To lie, to deceive, were for him such sheer impossibilities that the contempt in which he held them was almost childish in its naïveté. He regarded them more as limitations of character than as sources of power. . . . He thought that everyone possessed an armor like his, against which evil blunted its barb and wasted its poison. If he did not fear evil it was because he was sceptical of its power. If he neither

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could nor would condemn, it was because he had never had an adequate vision of human malice. Full of insight where the world of thought was in question, he was a myopic face to face with human action. He believed that when others spoke of their sins, they, like himself, were referring to their temptations! . . .

Morality, however, is not God. Even if Jacques remained faithful to the former, did he keep his faith in the latter? Necessarily, he must have, since he complains of being "abandoned." Herein indeed lay the punishment of his pride. He refuses the Divine assistance, and it will not be given him in his own despite. God will suffer him to fight alone. Since his task absorbs him to such a degree that he is no longer able to raise his eyes to God—since he gives himself to it so thoroughly that he has no longer time to give God anything, God will leave him the task as sole recompense. "I feel," he had once written, "that if I gave myself more I should be better received." Now, since he is giving himself less, God receives him no longer, withdraws from him His presence and His ear. As a result there is a sensible diminution of succor and of joy. But not of faith. Upon grace a long sleep descends. The love of God grows numb. But the need of God persists. Who, in the case of the most heartfelt affections, has not experienced these sudden silences, wherein everything seems to die away, except the need of loving?

Moreover, by one of those marvelous dispensations of God at which Jacques, throughout his writings, has never ceased to marvel, that very penance and privation which he inflicts upon himself is destined to redouble the force of his influence in the future, and to become, one might say, the very medium of his message.

For consider a moment the circle by which Jacques is surrounded, those "brothers" of whom he is, in his own words, "the fellow-captive." Suppose that he had, from the date of his return to France, proclaimed himself a Christian. Upon what authority could he have relied to impose his ideals? Who would have followed this young man, undecided and unsettled as he then appeared? Before the habit of confidence in his judgment could be acquired by these disciples, certain things were indispensable. First, a free access to that "unencumbered and intact" intelligence for which he had prayed. Then the knowledge, gained by seeing him at his steadfast work, that his judgment was to be trusted, precisely because he weighed every element, kept nothing back, and showed only what he himself had seen; because he never lied, did not even know how to set about invention; and because his honesty was flawless. Little by little, the authority which he used so modestly, and whose full force was not felt until after his death, has to be acquired. He has to become "the man at the helm," the pilot who "knows what he is doing and whither he is bound," before some, at least, surrender themselves so completely to his direction that, on the day the message which he kept hidden for them in his heart strikes them with its full force, they will be unable to restrain their fervor and will be precipitated "into the bosom of truth itself."

Had he waited overlong to deliver that message? Was his task beginning so utterly to absorb him that there was danger of his forgetting its purpose and walking unarmed into danger? Or was it because God judged that the effort had been enough and the recompense earned that the decree went forth which removed him so untimely from among the number of the living?

In either case, Jacques knew that his hour had come. He accepted his sentence. For months, behind the joy in sheer living which never shone from him so radiantly, a hand that was hidden but very powerful was detaching him little by little from life. There were times when a flash of lightning seemed to pierce the darkness that covered the unknown road, and when he realized whither he was being led. "I do not understand why it is," he would say suddenly, "but I feel barely alive." At other times, instead of surprise, there was resignation. "I assure you, I am no longer attached to life. Were it not for you and the children, I could die without a pang." Stricken to the heart, I would ask him what he was trying to tell me. But the curtain had fallen again. He could not recall what had been in his mind to say. The anxiety no longer oppressed him which, for years, had led him continually to repeat: "I have five years, perhaps ten, to live. Do you think I shall have time to finish all I want to do?" Resistance was at an end. In the midst of the daily projects with which his brain still swarmed, he knew the task was over. In "an abyss of sadness, resignation and courage," he took up the last and supreme effort where he had laid it down. From now on he had no care save how to "despoil himself, becoming dry and bare and poor, as death should find a man."

There was no trace of revolt when death came. He fought for life bravely, just as in every other eventuality he had done whatever there was to do, and as well as it might be done. Earthly hope there was none. "I have been dead," he told us, "for several months." Soon his mind was absorbed entirely by the other world. . . . At last the sombre struggle, so bravely borne, was over. The era of doubts and contentions was at an end and the realm of light attained. "Look! the gates are opening," he cried. "I am going to find the Divine Light."

As the Holy Oils anointed those eyes, closed already to the world, with what overwhelming and all-merciful splendor must that light have steeped his soul to draw from a Christian who had ever deemed himself an unworthy and unprofitable servant, the great cry of triumph and thanksgiving which he has left behind him as the key to the heavenly dwelling where he waits our coming: "Now I am saved—by a miracle!"

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SPANISH ART THEATRE

By THOMAS WALSH

THE persistent misinterpretation of the modern Spanish theatre in the minds of American critics is again manifesting itself in the notices and reviews of the performances given in New York by the Spanish Art Theatre. The desire to find fault with methods and actions that are an essential part of the reforms instituted some fifteen or twenty years ago by Spanish playwrights seems based, not only upon a lack of catholicity of judgment, but upon a positive resentment against a novel school that has won the approval of European critics at large, been demonstrated here in New York by the Irish Players, and become part and parcel of the stage in Scandinavia and Germany. The appearance here last year of the Mendoza-Guerrero Company was marked by an open expression of this intolerance, which some people traced to ticket-office influences on Broadway. Maria Guerrero played the heroic dramas of Spain in a large, broad manner that impressed the newspaper critics as belonging to the "old-fashioned" stage when, in fact, it was the last expression of the grand manner of a famous school of which our critics seem not to have even a recollection. However, when Maria Guerrero essayed peasant rôles and when Señor Mendoza, her husband, played his realistic parts, these critics were overwhelmed with remorse in the presence of a revelation of the grandeur of the Spanish theatre.

So much has been written about the Spanish drama and the stage conditions where the casual and even accidental shifting of lights and tawdry scenery is not unknown, that it would seem that our critics, if they ever have time to read between their frequentations of the theatre, should realize that the stage is not a picture, nor a book, nor even a novel. Dramatic presentation is a popular function which is only partly achieved by théâtres-intimes; it possesses graphic and literary qualities only as accessories, not as essential principles. We are beyond the heavily upholstered days of Henry Irving and Fanny Davenport, but we are still in the hands of cubistic stage-setters and Bernard Shaw speechmakers. Oscar Wilde found an excellent medium in this artificial interpretation of the English stage and gave us his clever stage short-stories that were never dramatic. One senses the same misconception in Somerset Maugham and in many of our American stage carpenters, whose work shows the joining and nails of the trap-box school of Scribe and the thespian gurgulations of Sardou. As for the game of improbabilities played so deftly by Broadway producers, where the fish and fowl lovers vent their aberrations in Chinese and Congo settings: where black meets white, and never the twain shall part: we are all too much implicated to speak with any degree of assurance in judgment of such a rare and complete development as the Spanish stage and its drama.

The basic principle which is so persistently overlooked is that the audience is on the stage with the players. In Shakespeare's time, the nobles sat upon the stage, and the pit, as well, took a part in the dialogue. It is this healthy old intimacy, derived from the classic theatres of pagan days, that persists and is renewed in Spain today. The actors in many of the modern dramas walk on and off the stage in the street dress of their characters. The absence of make-up and dressing-room touches, which is sometimes trying to a foreigner, actually seems to escape the notice of Spanish audiences in their profound appreciation of the every-day realism of the presentation. In the face of this, what is one to think of Mr. Bernard Simon's criticism, that "the whole troupe [of the Spanish Art Theatre] would be better off if they did not give way to that temptation to steal a glance at the audience every now and then"? Spirits of Mrs. John Drew, John Gilbert, Julia Marlowe, and other great ones, can you hear this?

Gregorio Martinez-Sierra is one of the Spanish leaders in the modernistic reforms of the theatre. With the Quintero brothers, he represents the class drama, the simple delineation of actual life, the unaffected conversations of the average home, the honest types of every-day citizens, without those sensational episodes dealing with morons, degenerates, and criminals which make so large a part of what our stage calls realism. This is the realism of the sunshine, of the honest and the progressive contentment of happy people, without a background of Elmer Gantry, newspaper clippings and the scandals, fogs and cyclones of our tropical dramatists.

In the Road to Happiness, which was the strange, if characteristic, choice of Martinez-Sierra as a vehicle in which to present himself on the New York stage, we have the story, in the narrative rather than the dramatic school manner, of the adventures of a beautiful young woman on her hard journey through life. Whether or not it was the presence of a young actress of unusually sympathetic charm, Catalina Barcena, or the result of long readings of old Spanish literature so rich in natural details, at least the play seems to create itself, rather than to show the cleverness of the writer. There is no Benevente in this work: the click of the hammer is not heard in this atelier. The early pages of Lazarillo and the novelettes of Cervantes come back in that first scene, when the dying Blind Man counsels young Blanca Rosa, "Never set foot in a city, never beg, but earn thy bread by labor, accepting sorrows as they come."

There is hardly any plot, no nexus, no climax; the narrative drama winds its way on to the finale, honest, naïve and general, where Blanca Rosa is left sighing: "Leave me here a little while: memory is best."

In the second comedy, The Romantic Young Lady, a trivial but acceptable episode—simply the blowing of a young man's hat into a Spanish drawing-room—

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is made the basis of a series of charming incidents, bringing out home character and the personal idiosyncrasies of middle-class society.

New York has already had a taste of this drama in the very delightful presentation of the title rôle at the Neighborhood Theatre by the American actress, Mary Ellis. The translation has been the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker, and presents a beautiful version in English of a play the delicacy of which might be easily disturbed. Catalina Barcena rendered The Romantic Young Lady as only a great Spanish artist could render it, with the complete understanding of Spanish reserves, dreams and conventions. If the play strikes our audiences as a bit impalpable, they may remember that strongly peppered meats are likely to dull the finer qualities of the gustatory organs, and ask themselves, in estimating this work, if they are really capable judges. It is a play for more sensitive perceptions than generally haunt our playhouses.

It will be highly interesting to watch the reactions of our audiences and critics when the Spanish Art Theatre presents The Cradle Song, which has given the American Eva Le Gallienne so fine a field for the display of histrionic delicacy. Catalina Barcena has all the charm, address and savoir-faire to make a great characterization in such a drama of conventual setting. It will be another outrage upon the arts if our New York audiences overlook these qualities, for in the recognition of foreign achievement we accept or abandon our claim to be a great cosmopolis as well as a metropolis, in which the arts can abide side by side with the clamors of trade.

The Bride

On the cheek that shamed the rose
Now the droopen lily blows,
Riven from its stem to spice
The stirless airs of Paradise.

Not more pale the chaplet set
For a consort's coronet,
Where the blue veins intersect
The royal brow of Death's elect.

Beaded pearls and chain of gold
See the marble fingers hold:
Thrice times five, all mysteries past,
Pealed her Gloria at the last.

White with bridal ribbons drest
Lay the taper on her breast
That shall kindle into flame
When the trumpets sound her name,

And where countless virgins throng
Round the Lamb with praise and song,
To the blissful soul's estate
Call the clay predestinate.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In his article, The Church in Scotland, in your issue of April 20, Mr. Denis W. Brogan states: "The last legal grievances have gone, we have come out of the catacombs." The author's own historical and critical acumen will cause him to concede that the first statement is a fact, the second an exaggeration, and the implication of their juxtaposition a delusion.

The sojourn of the Catholic population of Scotland in the dim underworld has been, and is, due primarily to their own love of life in the shades, and to the inhibitory influence exerted by many of their ecclesiastical leaders upon all attempts at egress. As Mr. Brogan must surely know, the Education Act of 1918, inspired by the then Minister of Education, Sir H. A. L. Fisher, was bitterly opposed by every member of the Scottish Catholic Episcopate save one. Its obvious and manifold advantages were secured for the Catholic children of Scotland only by direct action of the Vatican authorities over the protests of the majority of the Scottish Catholic clergy.

This incident is but one illustration of the curious masochistic tendency of the Catholic ecclesiastics and laity in Scotland to huddle themselves together, to create a sort of "imperium in imperio" inimical and impervious to all suggestions and opportunities of entering into the fuller and broader life around them.

This theme could be elaborated on with many painful illustrations. The purpose of this letter is not to make arraignment for past errors, but to point out the injustice of charging to oppressive tactics by the non-Catholics of Scotland economic disabilities due to qualities, or lack of qualities, in the unfortunate people themselves and in their ecclesiastical leaders.

WALTER STUART.

SUBSIDY TO THE GAELTACHT

Evansville, Ind.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for April 20, speaking of subsidy to the Gaeltacht, which is mostly the old Congested District, you say: "Already there is a great deal too much paternalism in the management of these districts—it is actually possible to find in them men who believe that the government should pay them for cultivating their own fields." That is a terrible statement. It is presumed, of course, that you have sufficient data with which to verify it. For my part, I think it exaggeration with a vengeance. I have been kept in touch with affairs in those districts for the last five years, and nothing has been put in my way to suggest what you say. On the contrary, a good deal of my information has been of lack of management and of neglect. The old Congested District Board, whose president was the present cardinal, was done away with and nothing worthy substituted; factories closed, especially those in country places, that gave employment to girls and kept them and others of their respective families from the emigrant ship; embroidery work failed or weakened as well as knitting and cloth-making.

A curious fact worthy of mention is that at no time for many years was there employment for the young men of these districts, except relief work in road-making in very bad times, after the work of the fields was finished. Could that period of idleness from the beginning of November to the middle of March be without influence to deterioration, let alone the financial loss? The standard of living, though still compara-

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tively simple, has advanced in the last fifty years, and the long and the short of the whole situation is that there must be industries in order to create exchange and therefore keep going. No friend of Ireland, of course, wishes the country to become so thoroughly industrialized as is England. But some industries there must be.

With statistics at hand, it would make a very interesting and enlightening theme to compute how much Ireland has had to depend on the United States in the last fifty years. There would be surprises, to be sure, and perhaps the surprise that would open our eyes the widest would be the amount of cold cash that has entered Ireland in the last five years. I know a little of what I speak. When I read the optimistic accounts of the wonderful success of the present government, I cannot help but smile. No better friend of the change from the old to the new than I, but I love truth better.

H. GALLAGHER.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of your esteemed review of April 20, I read Mr. Howard R. Patch's letter under the caption, "Two Religions" of Anglicanism, and beg to make some remarks about it.

First, why "two religions" of Anglicanism when the whole world judges that there are more? Maybe that is a prophetic utterance. Why not say "Anglicanisms"?

Long ago I assisted at "Anglo-Catholic masses," but since following the footsteps of Marion Pharo Hillard, or preceding her into the Catholic Church, the one true spouse of Jesus Christ Our God, I discovered something I never imagined possible as an "Anglo-Catholic," any more than does Mr. Patch now. I discovered a whole world of difference, despite external imitations and resemblances, between the "Anglo-Catholic mass" and the Melchisadechan Oblation of, say, the Catholic Church of the Latin rite, my rite. It was, as it is, a difference between reality and non-existence, between an objective sacrifice and a subjective persuasion and feeling. An "Anglo-Catholic mass" is no more of a mass or true real objective sacrifice than Dr. Orchard's "Congregational-Catholic mass" in London, or the "Lutheran-Catholic mass" in Germany, etc. How can it be when "Anglo-Catholic" priests are not true priests? The Latin Church in England from the beginning of the so-called Reformation has ever declared their Orders invalid. Pope Leo XIII only confirmed the traditional witness when he finally issued his bull condemning Anglican Orders.

My experience of "Anglo-Catholic" books is that, as in the case of their ritual, vestments, devotions, etc., they get their substance from Catholic sources. Nevertheless, they do lack a certain unction which pervades Catholic devotional and theological works. I have just read Brett's Via Mystica. It is practically based on Saint John of the Cross, Saint Teresa, Saint Bernard, etc., who are therein copiously quoted. The book is "sound and edifying." What else could it be under the circumstances?

Roman Catholics are not troubled about the Anglican "development," as Mr. Patch imagines. What does trouble Catholics terribly is the sad spectacle of so many "Anglo-Catholic" souls deluding themselves about what is "available in Anglicanism." Mr. Patch's scriptural accommodation is irrelevant. Christ said: "If any man hear not the Church, let him be unto thee as a publican and a sinner." The Church He referred to is necessarily the Church that He, Almighty God Incarnate,

Now Ready—

COMMONWEAL PAMPHLET

NUMBER FOUR

Should a Catholic Be President?

This question that has long haunted the whispering gallery of public opinion is now out in the open with the publication of Mr. Charles C. Marshall's letter in the April issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Marshall in his letter calls for a statement that shall clear away all doubts concerning the reconcilability of the teachings of the Catholic Church with our own constitutional principles.

In response to many requests The Commonweal announces early publication of Commonweal Pamphlet Number Four, Should a Catholic Be President? This pamphlet will incorporate the open letter in reply to Mr. Marshall published in The Commonweal issue of April 13th, Dr. John A. Ryan's article, Church, State and Constitution, together with important editorials and correspondence in regard to the issue involved. An excellent cross section of the whole controversy is provided in this new pamphlet. Orders are being received now, subject to delivery immediately upon publication.

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founded and is building on Peter according to His own familiar words—Tu es Petrus, etc. No wonder Saint Irenaeus said in the second or third century, "Where Peter is, there is the Church"—"Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia."

This Church in the Acts of the Apostles is called, about five times, by God the Holy Ghost, "The Way." Now Christ is "The Way" and His Petrine Church is "The Way" because she and she alone is His Body. This is the only Body to whom the Holy Ghost was corporately sent and given to lead her into all truth. That is why she is necessarily infallible, cannot err in her teaching and teaches only one religion.

May that adorable Spirit enlighten Mr. Patch's private judgment and that of his co-deluded brethren and lead them into the truth as it is in Jesus and Peter, then shall there be one Flock and one Shepherd.

GEORGE E. DOWNES.

Cherry Valley, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I think there is hardly an enlightened Catholic who does not feel that the present is the greatest opportunity for the emancipation of some Catholics, such as those who objected to the illuminating article by Dr. Whitehead on the two religions in Anglicanism, and for the laying of Protestant suspicions against American Catholics.

True, Governor Smith's answer to Mr. Marshall, and the two articles in The Commonweal tell for enlightenment. But they are only answers to objections, and not a full, positive statement of the Catholic standpoint. And this is the need for the present and future. An appealing and convincing statement could be well worked out from the sermons, speeches, and declarations of the late Cardinal Gibbons, if the handling of the matter were placed in the hands of a William Franklin Sands, whose sincerity, lucidity of expression, and diplomacy are so closely related to those of the old Cardinal. The consternation which the Cardinal's speech in Rome threw into the camps of unionists in Europe, Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox alike, and his repeated declarations that separation of Church and state was best for both, should be better known. And the fact that he was never called upon by Rome to retract is of vital interest and importance today.

Were you to bring out, in about three articles in The Commonweal, this positive doctrine, and then print it in a booklet form, you would perform a great service to the present and future generations of Americans, Catholic and Protestant alike.

FRANCIS J. GOSTOMSKI.

Bayonne, N. J.

TO the Editor:—As a member of the "Anglican Catholic" Church, I have followed with interest the "Two Religions" of Anglicanism communications. If all Roman Catholics were as fair-minded as James S. Coster, Anastasia Lawler, and Mary Foote Coughlin, it would be an easier matter for one like myself to become a convert. That is a decision requiring great courage, being sure to involve the loss of valued friendships and old associations, and the inevitable criticism of Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and numberless innuendos as to one's motives. One reason Protestants are so bitterly opposed to Roman Catholicism is because of the attitude of such people as N. Kelly, Courtlandt van Winkle, and the convert Marion Pharo Hillard. The letter of Marion Pharo Hillard simply places another obstacle in the way of one seeking the courage and conviction necessary for conversion. But The Commonweal and the letters of Mary Foote Coughlin and James Coster are an incentive for one to seek more diligently after the truth.

M. K. S.

OUR PERJURED GLOBE AGAIN

Bristol, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Please let us know why such a letter as that of W. V. Lyons's in the issue of April 20 comes to appear in your paper.

Is he an amateur "higher critic" who is suggesting with satirical jocularity that it is necessary to return to the "flat-earth" theory so as to make our religious beliefs plausible? Or is he muddle-minded and unscientific enough to want to turn the world back a thousand years and scrap scientific knowledge beyond that which is compatible, for instance, with the theological knowledge of an average colored "parson"?

Catholicism is going, by God's help, to triumph more fully than in the past in some future age, not too remote, I pray; when not less but more scientific knowledge will be in the grasp of mankind, and humanity will reject all religions but the One Religion, which will then stand proven historically, philosophically and logically.

The real trouble today is not that we have too many people too "wise" to accept the teachings of the Catholic Church; but rather that it is entirely too hard to find people outside the fold with sufficient intelligence to comprehend the teachings of the Church when the teachings are explained to them. I have the greatest respect possible for a Protestant who is a real protestant; that is to say, one who knows all the main teachings of the Catholic Church and really has a conscientious scruple against accepting some point of major importance. I should say, I would have the greatest possible respect for such a man or woman "if" I knew where to find one. Every Protestant I know of who is sufficiently intelligent and fair-minded to learn just what the Catholic doctrine is on all essential matters of faith, ends up by becoming a Catholic. I would like to know of just one man in America who can state the Catholic position correctly on every point of the Apostles' Creed, the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Holy Eucharist, Veneration of the Blessed Virgin, the Infallibility of the Pope, Holy Orders, Baptism and Matrimony, and remain a Protestant and advance logical reasons for doing so. Once allow the truth of Catholic doctrine to enter the intellect and even a perverse mind will cease to militate against its acceptance. The better the mental equipment of the recipient is the better the result, consequently we need more knowledge, including all true "science," rather than less. I hope that W. V. Lyons will excuse my frankness.

DR. WALTER H. SMITH.

PROHIBITION AND EXPEDIENCY

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Burnham's recent letter in your review is correct in the main, but gives the impression that prohibition was the primary inroad on man's freedom.

Of course Mr. Burnham would admit that the individual's freedom was seriously curtailed when he became a member of the social state. Since man's entrance into society many things have transpired to limit his freedom of action. The fish and game laws have seriously restricted his natural propensity to pursue and kill other species of animals; the anti-narcotic law does not permit him to enjoy the iridescent dreams of the opium-eater; and the highway traffic law attempts—not always successfully—to limit his use of the highways.

Mr. Burnham is correct, therefore, in saying the question is one of expediency or safety, and relates wholly to the duty of protection from a known evil, owed by the state to its members.

FRANK HOPKINS.

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PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY

Corfu, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A fact, curious and puzzling, often appears in Protestant controversy. It is particularly evident in the recent discussion on Mr. Smith's eligibility for the Presidency. The fact is this: When a Protestant in all seriousness asks a question on Catholic doctrine or policy and receives from a Catholic a straightforward answer, the Protestant will not accept the Catholic's answer. In so many cases, it would seem that the Protestant imagines he knows more about Catholic doctrine than the Catholic does, or, what is probably worse, he does not credit the Catholic with real honesty. If these two reasons compel the Protestant to disbelieve the Catholic, why put the question at all?

In Newman's controversy with Kingsley, the latter refused to believe the author of the Apologia even when common-sense men all agreed that he was telling the truth. It looks as though the Protestant who essays a question has already formulated (like many pedagogues) in his own mind just what kind of answer he wants. If that is not forthcoming, he refuses any. So much controversy is of little avail, I think, for this reason. Men have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, minds and think not, because they will not.

REV. HENRY B. SHAW.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In these days of religious controversy, one wonders if Catholic writers are obliged to concentrate on points of attack? What are they doing to explain doctrines of value in the development of the inner life? Surely now, if ever, is the time for that increase of devotion to the Holy Spirit which, as Father McSorley of the Paulists writes (Devotion to the Holy Spirit) "earnestly cultivated, will lead all dissenters into the Catholic fold and inspire all Catholics to lives of sanctity."

Most of the works available are too technical for the average layman. True, in addition to the pamphlet referred to above, there is an excellent little volume by the Very Reverend Bede Jarrett, O.P., entitled The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost in the Soul. But there is need for a great deal more in the way of simple, brief expositions of the doctrine of the Indwelling.

May one hope that another Pentecost will find something on the subject in every church rack throughout the country, where it will be within the reach of all?

ANNE D'AUGUSTIN.

THE DANGER OF BIGOTRY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Your correspondence column is, as I believed from the beginning of The Commonweal that it would be, one of the most important and valuable parts of your work. It has led people to voice opinion, and to define their meaning in such a way as to make better understanding among those who, until your coming, were perforce inarticulate. "Loyalty" for instance, as used in your issue of May 4. Loyalty surely is and should be the root of such discussion as called forth your correspondent's comment. Loyalty need not be suspicious, however, nor intemperate. "The danger of bigotry or of uncharitable bitterness" is never negligible, and does exist. It is not new. It is out of place in The Commonweal.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

COMMONWEAL PAMPHLETS

NUMBER ONE

Obligations to America

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Professor of History, Columbia University, the author of "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," "Brief History of the Great War," and other books.

PROFESSOR HAYES gives in this pamphlet, reprinted from THE COMMONWEAL, the clearest and most significant summary of the debt of the United States to the spiritual forces, the philosophy, and the social ideas of Catholicism, ever presented in such brief form. At the same time he brings out in bold relief the obligations of Catholics to their nation and the services they are called upon to give.

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A magazine that is daring enough to publish such an article as W. J. Henderson's certainly gives promise of interesting things to come. Here is the inkpot thrown at the devil!—Theodore Stearns, New York *Telegraph.*

May I add that I feel that SINGING fills a very real need and I have personally been very much interested in watching its developments.—Mother G. Stevens, R.S.C.J., *Director, Pius X School of Liturgical Music.*

Among our contributors known to readers of THE COMMONWEAL are: W. J. Henderson, Nicola A. Montani, James P. Dunn, Frederick H. Martens, and Walter V. Anderson.

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POEMS

Sleepers

Here are the tiny lads, the grave, the dream-lit faces,
With sad Shakespearean smiles, and glad Catullan graces.

Tonight the moon guards some weird window-pane,
Where Abel sleeps again with jealous Cain.

Behind a dusty lintel doubtless lies
A tired cherub, with dead Dante's eyes.

For whoso tells how cryptic years conspire
To build a saint's white heart, a bandit's ire?

Along a street, mantled in bitter snows,
A young Napoleon sleeps—who knows, who knows?

And Paganini peeps again from bed,
To hear the lark's first song when dawn is red.

Madman, murderer, priest, they all sleep well,
For what the years shall make them, none can tell.

The little lads—the grave, the dream-lit faces,
With sad Shakespearean eyes, and glad Catullan graces.

J. Corson Miller.

For One Who Never Prays

Fill my cup that she may drink
Though she never stop to think
That the water comes from Thee,
Though she never stop to say:
"Father, teach me how to pray."

Still I know Thou wilt not mind
Though the world has made her blind
To the things that babies see.
He who blessed the loving heart,
Surely now will take her part,
One so kind unfailingly.

Though she never turn to Thee,
Are there saints as sweet as she?
Send Thy gift through me to her,
Let me be her comforter.

Mildred Whitney Stillman.

Wonder

Do not even whisper
  Where we found
Wonder—let no stranger
  Walk this ground.

Let us go in silence
  And alone—
One intruding step might
  Strike a stone.

One unanswered word
  Forever ring
In an echo's endless
  Echoing.

Gertrude Callaghan.

On Dit

(An Old Woman Keeps House)

The sun lies warm upon my face,
  I wake and dress with quiet grace;
Breakfast is cozy, formal too,
  And then I have my work to do,
But ah! it's good all day to hear
  Quentin's electric noisy cheer,
To see staid Drena quaintly vain
  Smooth her gilt ruffled curls again.
Yet all they say
Is Quentin's gone and Drena's grey.

At dusk I sit and sew until
  Sweet night leans on my window-sill,
And then—you never have to call—
  I meet you in the shadowed hall,
Your day is done—and mine—and we
  Taste silent sweet eternity;
But all alone to bed I go,
  I'm old and you were always slow.
Yet all they say
Is that you died one buried May.

Mary Nell Carroll.

Mystic on Wheels

The boy on the bicycle blends with the night,
The river, the mist, the ripple-twisted light;
—A blue shirt bellowing in the blue light,
The boy on the bicycle blends with the night.

The world moves west, a smudge among the spheres,
The months slant by, the days melt into years,
The river-boats are black by the blurred black piers.

The boy leans forward and breathes the heavy scent
Of springs unborn, of force unspent
At the edge of the morn where the new years are bent,
And his heart is content.

Content, for what is time but the fetus of the night?
And God is part and parcel and body of the light
And the darkness, as he steers
From the walk, gleaming white,
To the dark heart of the years;
The boy on the bicycle blends with the night.

Margery Swett Mansfield.

Kingdoms

Where is my kingdom? I would be a king.
Yet kingdoms are not made by conquering,
Nor kings and queens by questioning and wondering.

Kingdoms are bought by yearning, and by burning
Of body and bruising of breast.
This is the test, and this only,
For kings and queens to be only:
Have you the substance? Are you free?
How much can you suffer? How far can you see?

Charles Oluf Olsen.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Margaret Anglin in Electra

THERE were moments during Margaret Anglin's performance of Electra in the Metropolitan Opera House recently when the veil seemed to be lifted before the shrine of greatness—moments when, in the incomparable words of Gilbert Gabriel, critic of the New York Sun, one entered the presence of "a horror as hot and beautiful and unapproachable as fire itself." Something greater than the actress herself was astir, something ageless in the human soul, the summation of the crucifying torture to which man can be put when torn between seemingly irresistible forces. At those moments, Margaret Anglin ceased to exist for herself. Sorrow mounted through her, like the notes of a great composer reborn through an instrument, and passed from her to those who watched and trembled in silence.

It was the essentially classic Electra of Sophocles which Miss Anglin chose to present, in Edward Hayes Plumptre's translation, rather than the Gilbert Murray translation of the Euripides story. On this point, there must, of necessity, be some regrets. In spite of the surging vitality of any of the Greek masterpieces when they are interpreted with understanding and power, there is something in the force of sheer words as well as the ideas they express, and Plumptre's verses have little of the flowing and majestic beauty which is so a part of anything Gilbert Murray writes. But beyond this, there is the essential difference between Sophocles and Euripides which places the latter even closer to modern understanding. Sophocles is calmer, more absorbed in the general majesty of his theme and less alive to the anguish of soul of his characters. It is in this sense that his spirit is more classic. Euripides found himself more in rebellion against the anthropomorphic gods of Greece. He resented the impossible situations in which they were supposed to place human beings. For this reason, if for no other, he throws into sharper relief that conflict of obligations which becomes the core of nearly every Greek tragedy.

This conflict has, of course, its counterpart in every human soul. The Greeks were, perhaps, more utterly aware of it than the people of any time or place since, but their awareness was essentially objective. The strange forces impelling the characters of their plays came from without—from the spite or jealousy or offended dignity of gods. The consciousness of free will seems to be scant. The possibility that man could bring such conflicts on himself, through his own obstinacy or perversity or weakness, is barely hinted. In this the Greeks were thoroughly Occidental, with little or none of that admixture of introspection which Judaism and, later, Christianity brought to the West.

It is really only in writings of Euripides that we begin to feel the indecision and frailty of human nature, the sense of subjective torture which reached its height in Hamlet. In Sophocles, it is at the behest or command of a god that humans are charged with fulfilling a vengeance, and these commands are accepted and obeyed implicitly, the tragedy gathering force from the very helplessness of the human instruments involved. The tragedy of a typical Greek hero, called upon to perform a deed of horror, has almost nothing in common with the introspection, the hesitancy or the fateful decision of Hamlet. The responsibility rests outside of the character himself; the tragedy lies in the punishment heaped upon him for a deed done against his own will.

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Euripides does not emerge entirely from this view of overmastering fate. But his very resentment of a theology which identified crime and sin (the outward act with the inward guilt) was so great, that he instinctively gave a deeper humanity to his characters. Their desire to do right assumed a larger emphasis. Their torture at being compelled to do wrong became more tense, more pitiable, more tragic because more closely linked with their wills. Thus in Euripides, we find Electra and her brother Orestes driven almost to madness by the necessity of killing their own mother to avenge her murder of their father. The unnatural deed becomes a thing of pitiable horror, whereas in the Sophocles Electra, it remains simply a tragic and stern duty, which they fulfill with the ceremony of a religious rite.

The Euripides Electra has, of course, one great defect for modern presentation, and that is the appearance in the last scene of Castor and Polydeuces. This famous device, of bringing in the gods to settle the insoluble, embodied, in Euripides's day, a certain dramatic irony which might easily be lost today. But for the main body of the play there can be no doubt that the Euripides characters are more human because more indecisive and tortured than the majestic figures of Sophocles. The moments of greatest dramatic intensity in the Sophocles story come with the anguish of Electra at the supposed death of Orestes, or with the horror (for the audience) of Clytemnestra's murder. Thereafter one feels a definite anti-climax in the murder of Aegisthus and in the lack of interior torture on the part of either Orestes or Electra.

If ever there comes a time when Miss Anglin establishes a repertory theatre in New York, it would be a program of surpassing interest to have her present both versions of the Electra. No one else could bring to our consciousness with more force the eternal modernity of both plays, nor give us a fresher understanding of the amazing mental contrast between two of the world's greatest playwrights. Perhaps, after such an experience, we would cease to think of the Greeks as being cast all in one mold, and catch some of the fire of conflict which blew across the populace of Athens. We would understand better our kinship with what we call antiquity, and realize, perhaps, that simply because its memories have come to us in pallid marble, we have sinned against our own imaginations in allowing ourselves to forget the color, the variety, the storms of soul and mind that were Athens and are still humanity.

The central quality, indeed, of Miss Anglin's production is its modernity—not of costume, but of spirit. The utter falsity of the idea that, to be modernized, Hamlet must be presented in modern clothes, was never more clearly demonstrated. Miss Anglin's Electra follows no set or traditional style. She does not try to be archaeological and thereby to recapture the illusion of ancient times. Nor does she strain for an obtrusive realism. Her one object is quite evidently to transmit the reality of the emotions of the characters, and thus to lift the play out of time and place and endow it with universal strength. If she does not succeed in this at all points of the drama, there is sufficient explanation in the hurried circumstances attending its production. To arrange for stage settings and costumes, to select the huge cast, to train the chorus in the quiet beauty of its gestures and movement, to achieve the perfect synchrony of music and spoken word, to accustom the voices to the vast spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House and the complicated lighting to the flowing mood of the play—these tasks alone would baffle most producers. But add to this the brief time allowed, and the fact that all this effort was devoted to the object of two performances, and the wonder is, not that occasional imperfections crept in, but that Miss Anglin achieved the masterly ensemble she did, and that over and above this she reserved the power to give a personal performance of thrilling stature.

Throughout this performance, Miss Anglin gave a resonant rebuke to that large group of actors who do not know the difference between spoken lines that sing and singsong lines. For her diction did have the quality of a chant, the fine rhythm of a sustained phrasing, but without the suspicion of being sung. It had, so to speak, cadence without cadenzas. It had the surge of tides, but no scurrying wavelets. At such a moment as her outpouring of grief over the urn supposed to contain the ashes of Orestes, there passed through that great house something of the lonely and tragic grief of womanhood since time was born, that terror without exultation which comes only to those who are left alone. In that silence, through which her words rose, there hung the ghosts of mothers of the heoric dead, of wives desolate before empty years, of sisters forever torn from the hope of a brother's return. Tragedy beyond the ken of individual experience, but born with life itself into the heart of every woman in the world. Yes, Margaret Anglin had ceased to exist, and only the ageless grief of woman mourned her dead!

Before such mastery, all other efforts dwindled. Yet there were others in the cast who did well. There was a certain majesty, too, and an ample characterization, in the Clytemnestra of Ruth Holt Boucicault. Without it, the scenes between this unhappy queen and Electra would have lost much of their magic. The voice of Michael Strange, as Electra's sister Chrysothemis, also caught some of the wizardry of the hour, and as the foster-father of Orestes, William Courtleigh filled his scenes with a simple and strong nobility. His account of the chariot race in which Orestes is supposed to have died showed that off-stage happenings may be made ever so vivid when the words themselves speak life and the actor has mastery over them. Again, the lines spoken individually by the chorus of Argive women had often a secondary beauty that only served to heighten the perfect rhythm of their gestures and the slow and constantly changing grace of their groupings.

Unfortunately, Ralph Roeder was unequal to the demands of Orestes. It is no easy task to play effectively the part of a man whose heroic proportions are dwarfed by the tragic intensity of an Electra. But Mr. Roeder was almost inaudible, even from seats well forward. His pantomime—for, of necessity, it became little more than that—had a certain studied excellence, an occasional biting ferocity. But that is not enough. The recognition scene lost at least half of its drama because of Mr. Roeder. It became a scene, not of mutual joy, but of momentary exaltation for Electra alone, made strong only through the seemingly boundless reservoir of Margaret Anglin's power. Hers, after all, was the only performance of true greatness. I am not sure, in retrospect, that it does not stand forth as the only momentous and truly great performance I have seen on the English-speaking stage.

The Worm

No longer need to hide your head.
Proud may you say, "Ah, once was He,
God, not compared to beast or man,
But me."

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

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BOOKS

My Thirty Years of Friendships, by Salvatore Cortesi. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

SALVATORE CORTESI, representing the Associated Press in Rome and frequently enough in other parts of the world, has achieved a continuous triumph in the getting of news. The present volume may be termed his annals of victory, being crammed tight with episodes which illustrate the difficulties and delights of journalism. One fancies that no other available book would be so calculated to make the young news-getter stick to his job, or to fill hopeful classes in journalism. Far be it from me, however, to suggest that Signor Cortesi had any such pedagogical purpose in mind when, after having drained the last of a salutary number of Martini cocktails, he sat down to compose this record of adventure. He tried rather to summon up out of the memories of many years those great events and personalities which are both interesting and historically valuable. The result is a downpour of gossip which never loses the freshness and sparkle of good conversation but also really proves magnificently informative.

Rome is, of course, ecclesiastical first of all; and Cortesi, wisely refraining from bringing his narrative absolutely up to date, gives intimate glimpses of three Popes and many prelates. Pius X, humble and saintly, is the subject of several particularly charming pages; and one is grateful for the anecdote which relates how Cortesi, having facetiously given the name of the Pope and the king of Italy as references to a surety company, was assured by the somewhat puzzled Holy Father that he would receive a "good character." In its way, too, the account of an interview between Pius X and Mr. J. P. Morgan is a delicious bit of reminiscence. The book deals also with highly important matters, such as the Roosevelt trip to Rome, the fortunes of Archbishop Ireland, and the Taft mission. Some may feel that Signor Cortesi's revelations are a bit undiplomatic, but after all it can do no harm to be perfectly frank. In the same way, his account of how he obtained news regarding the death of Leo XIII, the conclave which elected Pius X, and other matters, displays the artful journalist's professional irreverence, but is truly amusing and instructive. One regrets that even the best of Homers succumbs to occasional siestas—which explains why Signor Cortesi can repeat the old phrase: "The end justifies the means" with reference to the Jesuits, and why he can uncover a relative lack of intimacy with his patron saints by declaring that Saint Francis Xavier has been placed in charge of writers.

There is only one Rome, and that is surely why Cortesi's friendships with prelates and pontiffs strike us as the most significant matters dealt with in his book. Other pages, however, have a more definite historical value. Among these one notes especially the account of the Portsmouth Peace Conference, which makes known both the motives which guided the singularly astute Count Witte in reaching an agreement with Japan, and the determined action by which Mr. George von L. Meyer, then American ambassador to St. Petersburg, forced the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs to grant the interview with Nicholas II which made the conference possible. A second matter of unusual interest is the chronicle of a visit to Prince Bismarck when that statesman was an old and embittered man. It seems oddly contemporary to read what Bismarck said at that time: "America is making a great mistake in keeping to herself so much. We are at the end of the nineteenth century, and with present means of communication the United States are too near to us and their interests are too

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closely allied to ours for them to be able to carry out a policy of indifference to our affairs. They are aiming at becoming the most powerful nation in the world. They are not going to succeed by their present methods. Which is the most powerful country at present? England. And why? Because it has interests in all corners of the globe."

Of great charm are the reminiscences of musicians, actors and literary folk included in the book. Adelaide Ristori's contribution to the cause of Italian unity, the muscular prowess of Salvini and the emotional intrepidity of Sarah Bernhardt are set forth with tact and humor. Memorable are the rapidly etched portraits of D'Annunzio—which give a far clearer perspective of the man than anything similar I know—and of Leoncavallo, author of Pagliacci. Indeed, the last chapters of the book are rich deposits of musical history, in which the eminent modern Italian composers all appear and have their say. The pages devoted to Caruso will, of course, have an especial appeal to American readers, whom Signor Cortesi has courteously borne in mind throughout his narrative. They alone, too, can properly appreciate such anecdotes as that concerning Mascagni's composition of the march in honor of Admiral Dewey.

At the end of his bright and meaty volume, the author rather mournfully asks his reader to bear in mind "the reverse side of the medal." He declares that the newspaperman's life, devoted to tireless labor during all hours, never raises him to economic independence or reliable personal status. But, he reflects, "there is no doubt that there is a fascination about journalism that appeals to some ot the most brilliant of each generation, like exploring unknown countries or shooting big game." Signor Cortesi himself has been one of these "most brilliant." His record is an admirable addition to the lore of newspaperdom, and one sincerely hopes he will carry out his promise to write another book. What more need be said? Simply this—here is one of the most amusing and colorful volumes of reminiscence offered to a time which is fond of reminiscence. It deserves a wide reading and will get it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Early Life and Letters of John Morley, by F. W. Hirst. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

POLITICS has been defined as a game which "fills the philosopher with disgust and goads the enthusiast to fury." John Morley was immersed in politics from his forty-fifth year. He was a man of philosophic bent, and no good cause ever failed of his support. He finished his long and prosperous life without a shadow of cynicism or irrationality falling upon his temper. But that disillusionment did not overtake him before the end it is hard to believe.

Born into the era when perfectionism held the imagination of the world and when Ruskin, Harrison, the Kingsleys, Stuart Mill and Morris were its prophets, it was his luck to see many of the outworks of privilege go down before assaults in which he played a gallant part, and to share the exaltation of each successive victory. He closed his eyes conscious that the citadel was intact and likely to remain intact indefinitely. So strong a lover of peace that he might almost be called the first of the English pacifists, he saw many little wars culminate in one great one that laid his world in ruins. So convinced a democrat that he could perceive the British crown only as "a monarchic pageant in the midst of republican realities" he saw the democratic ideal abolished in two countries and facing a fight for life in his own. Finally, that all these discrepancies might not miss a dramatic manifestation, the man whom cartoonists loved to picture wearing Cromwell's boots or Marat's cap of liberty, died with a baronial coronet and robes in his wardrobe.

Mr. F. W. Hirst's Early Life and Letters of the historian-stateman only take us to the general election of 1885 when his active political career had barely begun. A second instalment, which will presumably cover the split in the Liberal party over Home Rule, the long years of opposition and Morley's conduct when, as a cabinet minister responsible for Irish government, he had a chance to put his principles into action, is promised us soon and should make interesting reading. But even if it should never eventuate, the profuse quotations from letters and published writings in the present two volumes give us an excellent opportunity to anticipate the judgment that seems likely to pass upon Morley's whole career and character when the perspective of years has done its work and collaborators still living are comprehended under a common mortality.

Mr. Hirst, whose comment is always honest and always helpful, puts one disability very understandably when he tells us that Lord Morley was "never a crusader." As an historian, and a very good one, whose work had lain in the chronicling of enthusiasms that burned themselves out untimely, he had a natural mistrust for the violent solution, and a corresponding respect for deliberate corporate action. There are men so sustained by their vision of eventual justice that they can exist on it, very much as a man enamored is said by physicists to live on his passion, and who never dream of counting the odds against them or the chances in their favor. These are the men of whom our own Lowell is speaking when he asks us:

> "Who is there that would not choose
> Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth he needs must think?"

The answer is that there are very, very many of them, and that Morley was one. "He had never admired impracticable isolation," Mr. Hirst tells us. "If to be a political independent only meant finding fault with men more patient and persevering, then he repudiated it as a theory he would be ashamed to act on." But such a working theory of political action demands one of two things—either a complete faith in the sincerity of the men one works with, or a little winking at the call of the machine. Morley, the truth must be told, took to the party game with more relish that one would have expected from a scholar who, in one historical treatise after another, had shown himself very wide awake indeed as to the nature of human motives.

So far back as 1876, when a conservative government invested heavily in Suez Canal shares, he foresaw quite clearly that "under certain conditions England will seize Egypt as her share in the partition of the Ottoman empire." Five years later when the conditions had been inherited by a Liberal cabinet, an article in his Fortnightly Review "makes out the best case it can for the action of the British cabinet on the ground that it was necessary to save Egypt by putting down Arabi's insurrection."

"Ireland" again and on the authority of Mr. T. W. Stead, his associate editor on the Pall Mall Gazette, was "the only thing in which Mr. Morley was passionately interested." Read his alternative for coercion in April, 1882! It is so amazing a record that we ask ourselves what kind of false conscience induced by party loyalty, could produce it from the pen of a man who already, in his life of Burke and elsewhere, had stigmatized the British occupation of Ireland as the last of the

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"conquests," and who considered that sheer "extermination" of the native Catholic population had, for a time at least, been its object. There is no call to quote the document in extenso. Its tenor may be guessed from the fact that it included a "judicial commission [without jury] to try criminal suspects [in plain language, to try separatists in action]" and the quartering of troops on "disturbed districts" at the expense of their inhabitants.

Remembering that he was a life-long agnostic, his opportuism in the spiritual sphere is even harder to condone. When disestablishment of the State Church was in the air, he could recommend it as a sound party issue, not on its merits, but on the grounds of its immediate appeal to the three sections in the church who might be trusted to fight most bitterly between themselves once the measure was passed: "sacramentalists weary of the Erastian bonds of Parliament and the Privy Council; evangelicals exasperated by state connivance with a Romanizing reaction" and "broad churchmen who are beginning to see . . .that the laity in a free church would hold the keys of the treasury. . . ." Faced with such evidence as this, it is small wonder that even Mr. Hirst gives up the fight, and admits a certain "almost Machiavellian" quality in Morley's manoeuvres for power.

The Early Life and Letters of John Morley will not leave him discredited in the eyes of any fair-minded reader. But they do cast a not altogether creditable light on the "practical" advocates into whose hands great causes oftenest have the ill-luck to fall. Liberty has always had its Laodicean champions, whose advocacy is as easy to satisfy as to enlist. The ground of their objection to injustice is never so much the principle it outrages as the general upset it causes. They plume themselves upon their pragmatism. Their admirers never fail to contrast them favorably with the enthusiasm that mans barricades and is exhibit A on scaffolds. The idealism in action that rings necks with nooses and heads with haloes is foreign to their habits of thought. What both they and their followers fail to perceive is that a reverence for compromise, qua compromise, is only one superstition the more in a world of superstitions.

H. L. S.

Monteverdi, by Henry Prunières. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

IT IS to the Latin genius that we owe the greatest number of innovations in music, and one of the boldest of these innovators has been made the subject of a biography by the celebrated French musicologist, Henry Prunières, long editor of one of our few distinguished musical monthlies, La Revue Musicale (Paris). A scholar of the first water, he has also the happy faculty of catching and appraising the first blush of the new creative talents of the day. So, to call M. Prunières's study fashionable (which it is, since modern composers have been preoccupied with the old forms for the past ten years) is to restore the word to its original state of grace.

A self-educated man, yet profoundly cultivated, Monteverdi (or Monteverde) the first of five children, was baptized Claudio Zuan Antonio in the church of Saints Nazari e Celso in Cremona, 1567. In the sixteenth century, it was taken for granted that the composer was a singer (Palestrina was a singer and a singing-master) just as today we assume that he can play the piano. This will substantiate, if it needed substantiation, the assumption of M. Prunières that Monteverdi "was at first a pupil of the choir-school of the cathedral [in Cremona]." His first published works, belonging to his eighteenth year, are lost; it is not until his twentieth year that

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he manifests genius in his first book of madrigals for five voices. He has by now mastered technique sufficiently to take liberties with it, and what liberty it was!—attaining to the "splendid barbarity" of the fourth book of madrigals (1603) and the fifth (1605) in which appears the famous introduction of such healthy dissonance as chords of seventh and ninth intervals without preparation. "No artist [the author quotes M. André Suarès] has ever been more conscious of his art than Monteverdi." Yet as early as 1600 he was the main target of a now famous paper, On the Imperfections of Modern Music, by Canon Artusi, which lamented the degeneration of the art of music. "It is the eternal quarrel of the intellect and the senses," remarks M. Prunières.

In these madrigals which so shocked Monteverdi's contemporaries may be found the beginnings of the cantata and the opera, as his experiments with the madrigal form led to his employing the orchestra and emphasizing the solo voice in dramatic narrations. His speculative mind led him to seek solutions to the musical problems his experiments and dimly perceived ideals left on his hands in Plato and the Greek philosophers, the Flemish masters and the French theorists; but it was a group of Florentine dilettanti, a cultured and critical type of wealthy amateur peculiar to the renaissance, who provided him with the key to the solution. Their sensibilities were offended by the vocal confusions emanating from the common cultivation of the contrapuntal polyphonic style of the late sixteenth century. They called for simplicity (as we call for it in our day); they looked back to the Greek drama and its glorification of the text (as we now look back to Pergolesi, Scarlatti, Monteverdi, and Palestrina—and Rossini and Bizet and everyone else of any epoch who practised "simple" and direct expression); so, with the audacity of amateurs, they revived the Greek lyric drama, with the simple but significant expedient of using the chorus as a background to solo singing in declamatory style, with instrumental accompaniment. Thus, the first opera came into existence in a drawing-room in Florence in 1594, and among those present was Monteverdi's twenty-three years' patron, Vincenzo Gonzagna, Duke of Mantua.

The renaissance Italian prince par excellence, the foppish Vincenzo was soon preoccupied with the introduction of the new art into his own court, where, in 1607, the Orfeo of Monteverdi was presented. Its success was immediate; Monteverdi thus became the first great exponent of opera, and rapidly rose to the dominating position in musical Europe. The effort at synthesis, characteristic of the renaissance, first gained musical crystallization in Monteverdi—who perceived even then something of our modern concept, "organic evolution." He followed Orfeo with Arianna, the poignant Lament of which adorns the majority of soprano programs to this day.

The year following the death of his Duke, 1613, Monteverdi was appointed Master of Music of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, automatically becoming chapel-master of Saint Mark's, following an illustrious line of predecessors. He occupied this post for the next thirty years, until his death in 1643 at the age of seventy-five. During this long period he was devoted to church music, absenting himself from the audacities of his "madrigals" and lyric dramas and, ironically enough, restoring to all its ancient glory polyphony and singing a capella, which had fallen into complete desuetude. It should not be charged, as it so often is, that Monteverdi destroyed the polyphonic system. Monteverdi's instincts were from the very beginning for dramatic music, which did not exist until he wrought it from the remnants of the once-glorious abstract music of Palestrina. Like his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, Monteverdi was not strong enough in counterpoint and polyphony to wring from it such masterpieces as did Palestrina and his contemporaries.

Monteverdi's last great effort, L'Incoronazione di Poppea, appeared in 1642. This is his masterpiece, and the acknowledged masterpiece of seventeenth-century lyric drama, in which genre it occupies a position with Wagner's Tristan, and Debussy's Pelleas. But it is never performed!

I fear that the ardor of M. Prunières's technical analyses of Monteverdi's works will limit his reading public. Yet his judgments are the result of a reflection so prolonged, a penetration so keen, and a musical scholarship of such quality, that it is depressing to think such illumination of a great master awaits the "humanizing" hands of some taxidermist-biographer.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Black Butterflies, by Elizabeth Jordan. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

The Happy Medium, by Vera Wheatley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Pearl-Hunger, by Gordan Young. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

The Moul's House Mystery, by Charles Barry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Lost Adventurer, by Walter Gilkyson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THESE five novels, picked at random, afford as representative a cross-section of the taste of the ordinary reader and the ability of those who supply his desires as it is possible to discover in such limited material. Only one of the books makes a bid for serious attention. The remaining four divide themselves as would be expected: one detective story, one adventure story, and two "studies" of the younger generation's revolt.

Black Butterflies tells of a girl's decision between a group of Bohemians (so called) and the town's most respectable young man. It follows the "True Story" pattern by having the Bohemians reform and the young man triumph on the last page. The Happy Medium purports to be a story of love and marriage as seen through the eyes of three women. It deals primarily with the efforts of a mother and grandmother to prevent a young girl from ruining her life by a too-hasty marriage. The compromise effected, however, is not a happy one, despite the title. The mother's struggle for a second love is described with some penetration and irony, qualities altogether lacking in the treatment of the daughter. Pearl-Hunger sets forth Mr. Young's conviction that men of the South Seas long for two things: pearls and pearl women. The women are beautiful and false: they requite bloody knuckles and broken bodies by running off with less worthy gentlemen. Persons with a Schopenhauerian regard for the more dangerous sex will like this book. The Moul's House Mystery is the usual Scotland Yard yarn of a disappearance, this time connected with dope smuggling. Mr. Barry keeps the reader in doubt by the simple process of withholding the major clues which his Sherlock discovers.

But American literature of today contains some very good work by men and women not hailed as "artists" by journalist-critics, and Walter Gilkyson's Lost Adventurer is part of it. Here is the story of a Don Quixote and his Sancho Panza—Rann McCloud and his wife, Isabel. The scenes are laid in America and Spain during the 'eighties. They might have been of today, or centuries ago, for there will always be idealists who are broken in the fight for what they consider the truth, and sometimes there are women brave enough and foolish

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enough to love them. In parts of this book, the characters actually live, and where this comes to pass only the author can break the spell. Unfortunately he does this frequently. Even so, the book is worth going through the first four to reach.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

The Maryknoll Movement, by Reverend George C. Powers. New York: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. $1.50.

THE archbishops of the United States, gathered together at the Catholic University in 1911, gave to the institution at Maryknoll the corporate name of Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Father Powers gives credit for a prior missionary foundation by the Society of the Divine Word at Techny, in pointing out the national character of the Maryknoll movement as the centre of American missionary activities. There is a quite unique inspiration in this splendid resolve to go forth to all nations and preach the Saviour: something that is being beautifully accomplished at Maryknoll under the direction of our archbishops and the management of the Very Reverend James Anthony Walsh. It is not surprising that there should have come from Rome a few years ago a special decree of praise for the work that the able society has accomplished.

The establishing at Maryknoll of a special community of Teresian Sisters is charmingly described by Father Powers: the coming of the devoted women secretaries, their donning of a religious garb, and their final acceptance of the solemn vows in the seminary chapel, November 21, 1912. Recent events in China have caused some concern over the missionary priests and nuns of Maryknoll, scattered among their three settlements, at Kongmoon Vicariate under Monsignor James E. Walsh; Wuchow Mission under Father Bernard F. Meyer; and Kaying Mission under Father Francis X. Ford. These settlements seem to be beyond the immediate fields of the present disturbance, but with the spread of Chinese revolt, the crown of martyrdom may not be altogether remote from some of these noble brows.

Father Powers is to be thanked for a clear and comprehensive statement of the lofty achievements and ambitions of Maryknoll. His book can only inspire coöperation among the friends of the movement and win new friends to its support.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Georgetown Anthology, edited by A. P. Kane and James S. Ruby, Jr. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. $2.00.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY is late with the publication of an anthology of her poets; all the older and larger institutions of America have given this attention to their scholastic singers, and from our own Catholic pioneer institution, closely associated with the beginnings of our national Catholic literature, the long silence has been strange and rather unwarranted.

But now through the industry of Messrs. A. P. Kane and James S. Ruby, Jr., we are presented with a volume which will hold its own in comparison with the anthologies of any of the other American colleges. The field it covers is an ample one: from the days of William Gaston, a student in 1790, Dominick Lynch of 1797, Charles Constantine Pise of 1812, Nicholas T. Dimitry of 1832, and James Ryder Randall of 1852, the poetical stream rolls on through Charles H. A. Esling, 1879; Condé B. Pallen, 1880; Charles L. Palms, 1889; Maurice Francis Egan, 1889; James S. Easby-Smith, 1891; Joseph

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Sebastian Rogers, 1892; Edward Loughborough Keyes, 1892; Robert J. Collier, 1894; Michael Earls, 1897; and Maurice B. Kirby, 1898; to end in James F. Lee, 1927; John J. Clarke, 1927; and William J. Lawlor, 1928.

After the 'nineties, Georgetown seems to have entered a lean period in poetical production, which now happily seem to be giving place to the fat years represented by the classes of the 'twenties.

An amusing episode recurs to mind in connection with Thomas Walsh's (1892) Poem for the Dedication of the John Carroll Monument which stands at the entrance to the university building. It seems that, with the day of dedication imminent, the foundry was behind hand in delivering the monument. The old Jesuit father in charge, despairing of the arrival of the bronze image in time to greet the President of the United States and the large gathering of chief justices, senators and congressmen who were to accompany him, was forced to procure the plaster model from the sculptor, have it thoroughly coated with bronze paint, and placed under the coverings from which on the morrow it was to be formally unveiled. This was done in utmost secrecy, but during the night there came on a rainstorm and the tragic state of mind of the good old Jesuit was pictured clearly in his face when the poet of the next morning orated the following lines:

"Here where in tardy bronze the noon shall hail him,
The pioneer, the missionary priest,
The bishop and the builder—here unveil him,
The highest in the land to tend his feast.
Let but the bronze be sturdy as his honor
And faith and purpose—'twill outlast the years!
His soul has seen a hundred years upon her
Nor needs she bronze to fix his memory here!"

Messrs. Kane and Ruby are to be congratulated on the excellent service which they have rendered to Georgetown and to Catholic poetry.

RODERICK GILL.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

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